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THE TOWN OF CONWAY.

[Illustrated from photographs by Mr. and Mrs. T. E. M. White, North Conway, N. H.]

By Mrs. Ellen McRoberts Mason.

"From the heart of Waumbek Methna, from the lake that never fails,
Falls the Saco in the green lap of Conway's intervales;
There, in wild and virgin freshness, its waters foam and flow,
As when Darby Field first saw them, two hundred years ago."—*Whittier.*

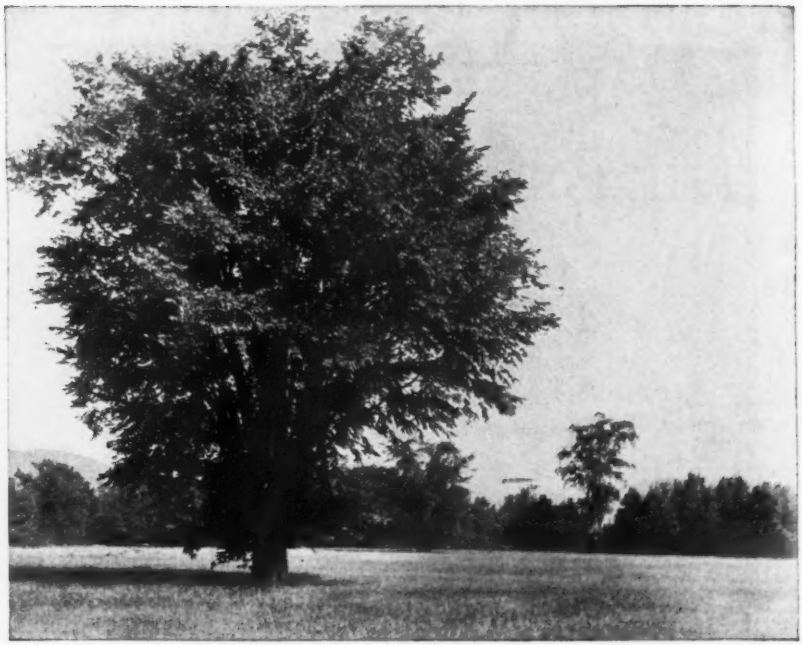
MANY, many years ago the intervales of the Saco, now peaceful stretches of rich greensward set with stately elms, were covered with a magnificent growth of white pines, some of the most splendid ones towering to a height of two hundred and fifty feet, and having a diameter of from four to six feet.

Through those forest depths there roamed a powerful tribe of Indians, the Pequawkets. Their territory reached from the Notch to the sea. The central location was in Pigwacket, now Fryeburg and Conway. Here the patient squaws cultivated cornfields in "cut-downs" and clearings on the intervale.

Up the winding stream of the Saco passed Darby Field on his way to the White hills in 1632, in search of the great carbuncle whose wondrous, alluring glow is still reflected upon the summit of the highest mountain, and seen by thousands during summer sunsets and twilights, and by all who live in the town in winter, sometimes making the snow-clad crags to flame like the spires of the celestial city.

In the reign of King George the Third, while Benning Wentworth was governor of the province of New Hampshire, a charter was obtained, dated October 1, 1765, of twenty-three thousand and forty acres of land, with the addition of one thousand and forty acres for roads, ponds, mountains, rocks, etc., for the making of the town of Conway. This land was divided into sixty-nine equal shares, and each grantee, his heirs and assigns, was required to plant and cultivate five acres of land within the term of five years for each fifty acres contained in his share.

White pine trees suitable for masts



"The peaceful intervale set with elms."

were reserved for his majesty's navy; the stately growth of the New Hampshire river valleys was an undeveloped mine of untold wealth, but ever after 1721 there was a special reservation in all the royal grants of "all white pines fit for masting the royal navy," and wherever the wilderness was traversed by the surveyors of the royal forest, the "broad arrow" was marked upon the grandest trees. To cut these marked trees for any other purpose than masts in the royal navy was, under British law, a felony, and punishable by a fine of £100 sterling for each "mast-tree" cut down. This arbitrary reservation caused great indignation, and no doubt was one of the causes leading to the revolt and final independence of the colony.

Each grantee should pay annually, if demanded, one ear of Indian corn in the month of December, for ten years; and after ten years, one shilling proclamation money for every one hundred acres.

Before any division of the land was made, one-acre lots were to be reserved for each grantee, to be for a goodly city on the plain near where now is Redstone. But, alas for the irony of events! the five acres cleared for a meeting-house and graveyard, to belong to the city, were finally abandoned and neglected, though some thirty of the early settlers and their families were interred in the graveyard.

"Above their dust, the pine tree waves,
Strongly rooted in their graves."

The phrase, "the acre-lots," is familiar enough, but it is doubtful if

the present generation knows whence its origin, or even very well what it means; and the lots were long years ago redeemed by the forest, if indeed they were ever lost to it.

Two shares containing five hundred acres were to be reserved for Governor Wentworth, one for the support of the gospel in heathen lands, one for the Church of England, one for first settled minister, and one for the benefit of schools.

According to M. F. Sweetser, "The town takes its name from that gallant old English statesman, Henry Seymour Conway, Walpole's friend, commander-in-chief of the British army, and, at the time when this mountain glen was baptized, a prominent champion of the liberties of America."

The first meeting of the proprietors, after due notice, was held in the town of Chester, at the house of John Webster, Esq., on the second day of December, 1765, at which meeting they received the report of the persons who had been employed to survey and lot the township, and raised more money to defray expenses.

General Joseph Frye had been an officer in the king's army, and in consideration of his gallant deeds on the frontier, a grant of the Indian township of Pigwackett was made to him, dated March 3, 1762, with conditions of its settlement very similar to those of a subsequent grant by New Hampshire of the township of Conway to Daniel Foster and others. The intention, it seems, was that the general should have a township embracing all the territory of the Indian headquarters or homestead called Pigwackett, which was supposed to be located entirely in the district of Maine, then belonging to the province of Massachusetts, but subsequently on the adjustment of the lines between the province of New Hampshire and the district, it was found that over four thousand acres of the land granted Frye was in New Hampshire. Finally the general relinquished his land in Conway and selected an equal number of acres in Maine.

By 1768 a dozen families were living in Conway, under the Maine grants, among them several Osgoods, Dolloffs, and Walkers. Fryeburg was not incorporated as a town until January 11, 1777, and as Conway was incorporated by its charter, elected its officers, and ever kept up its organization, it was the first White Mountain town.

History also states, "That in consequence of the addition of lands by the adjustment of the province line on the east boundary of the town of Conway, causing it to exceed the number of acres granted, this number of acres was reduced by bringing the northern line of the town farther south, and the subsequent grants to military heroes were made permanent on the revised line;" so it transpired that several of the early settlers who from the topography of the region would naturally have been citizens of the town of Conway, became citizens of the town of Bartlett, and of course the error has been transmitted to their descendants, and endures to this day. Some of the most important summer resorts of the North Conway hotel region, so known, are, according to strict geography, in the town of Bartlett.

And so, by these strange haps, it was that first settlers on the intervale lots proved to be first settlers of Con-

way when they might have been expected to be first settlers of Fryeburg. But in 1765, Ebenezer Burbank, Joshua Heath, and John Dolloff commenced a settlement near the centre of the township, and in 1766 Daniel Foster, Thomas Merrill, and Thomas Chadbourne commenced the settlement of North Conway, building their houses on the intervale.

The Pequawkets seem to have been better students of nature than the whites, for they built their dwellings on land some twenty or thirty feet above the level of the intervale, while the first white settlers of North Conway uniformly built on the intervales until the great freshet of 1785 drove them to the uplands.

Until the fall of 1765 or spring of 1766, there was nothing more than a spotted line or a narrow bushed path from Centre to North Conway, made for convenience of hunters and explorers. The course of this from the province line was graphically described as follows: "Our course is up the valley from the Pequauket settlement, called the 'Seven Lots' (in Fryeburg), to James Osgood's in East Conway, then by a path through pitch-pine plain land to the outlet of a pond where subsequently were built what was for many years called Walker's mills. Thence along the plain in a northwesterly direction to the cabin occupied by Ebenezer Burbank, located on the south cant of the hill northwest of the present town-house, thence by the house of Joshua Heath, on the north cant of said hill, the house in which the town meetings were held for years. Thence to the cabin occupied by John Dolloff, on land now embraced in the beautiful farm owned and occupied so long by

Home of One of the Early Settlers.

the Hon. Joel Eastman (some half-century ago this place was called the Odell place). From thence we ford the river, soon leaving the intervale for the level pitch-pine plain at the point where subsequently was cleared five acres of ground for a meeting-house and graveyard. From this point we pass up through the thick pines in a path across level land between the acre lots, probably the first permanent road in town. We sweep to the left from the head of these lots to the first intervale lot in North Conway, then called 'Foster's Pocket.'" In 1772 a road was granted from Conway to Shelburne, Northumberland, and Lancaster.

A hunter, named Emery, with several companions had, previous to any settlement, built camps at different points up the Saco and its tributaries, from whence they made excursions in pursuit of game. One of these camps was on the intervale but a short distance from where the Kearsarge House now stands.

Thomas Chadbourne, Esq., who had the mill privilege on Kesaugh brook, built a framed house to the north side of it on the intervale. The late Rev. B. D. Eastman found a bit of doggerel written on the inside of

the cover of an old Psalter in 1774 which is interesting as showing the early names of localities. It is evidence of the early use of Kesaugh and consequently of Kearsarge, the name "Kesaugh" being derived from the same Algonquin words as is the name of the mountain on which it takes its rise. The highly poetic and beautiful meaning of the word is "born of the hill that first shakes hands with the morning light."

While on the subject of early names it is interesting to note that on Dr. Belknap's map, copied from Mr. Whipple's, inscribed "A rough sketch of the country near the White Mountains in New Hampshire, 1764," the familiar titles, "Rocky Branch, East Branch, Moat Mountain, Double head," appear; Kearsarge is spelled "Kyasarge," though on the first plan or map of Chatham, accepted by the proprietors, October 24, 1792, it is spelled exactly as it is now.

To return to poetry, the following is what was found in the old Psalter;

"Thre men went up from dolluf town,
And stopt ol Nite at Forsters Pockit
To mak ye Road Bi ingun Hill,
To git clere up to noth pigwokit.
To Emri's Kamp up Kesaugh Brok,
Wha Chadbun is beginnen"

Alas! an irreverent hand had torn the rest off, and it is lost to posterity.

Thomas Chadbourne soon sold all of his interest in the mill lot, with improvements thereon, including the first framed house, to Richard Eastman, who came from Pembroke with four sons to settle here. Soon the father and one son moved lower down in Pequawket town, to Fryeburg, while Richard, Jr., and Noah remained. In this house was probably born the first male child in town, Jonathan Eastman, whose later home was enlarged for the Artist Falls House, now the widely known Forest Glen Keely Institute of North Conway. He lived a long, useful, and exemplary life, and died in May, 1868, in the ninety-eighth year of his peaceful age.

After the great freshet of October, 1785, Mr. Eastman with all of his neighbors moved off the intervales. Writing this at the time of a great March flood, more than one hundred and ten years afterwards—no mail has come through, over either the Maine Central or Boston & Maine railroads, for half a week, on account of bridges having been washed away—it is very easy to go back in imagination to those good old times. The vigorous, old Saco has lost none of his pristine, uproarious hilarity, upon occasion, during these hundred years and more, but now and then rises twenty-four feet in twenty-four hours, as in the days of "auld lang syne," and escapes from his narrow banks and rushes over the peaceful intervale, turning it into a turbulent, gloomy sea.

Esquire Eastman moved his house to where it now stands in the corner of the long main street of North Conway, and the road that leads to Forest Glen, close by the bridge that crosses the mill-stream, Kesaugh Brook; it is a characteristic, comfortable looking, New England house, with an air of distinction about it—to the lover of old associations, certainly—that no modern house has, even in this region of beautiful houses. It stands "end to the road," with its quiet front-yard and old trees to the south; tall lilac-bushes grow about it, and cinnamon rose-bushes

escape through the fence and crowd down to the roadside. A date of the eighteenth century is marked on the huge chimney. If this house which has stood more years in this mountain town than we have been an independent nation, could speak, what interesting things it might relate.

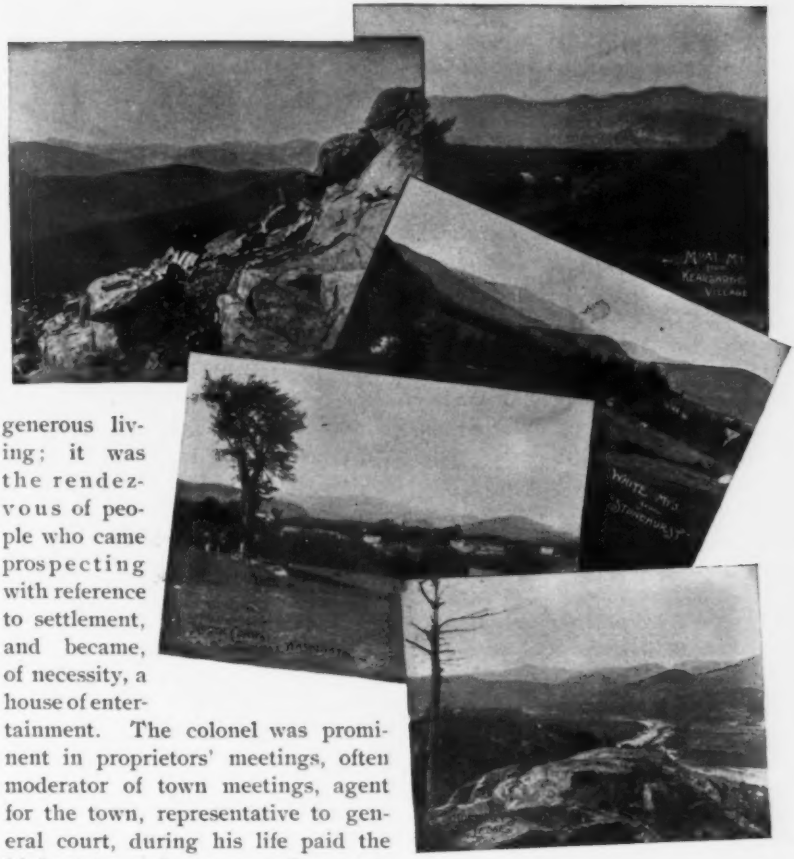
For more than thirty years it was of only one story with a gambrel roof, and then a son of the family added a second story with the roof it now has. The record of the "raising" is preserved, and a picturesque narrative it is. There was a popular superstition that the ridge-pole of a building would not stick without "wetting," but the writer has too much reverence and solicitude for the reputation of the Puritans of the Pequawket plains to copy the account of the ceremonies gone through with to avert such a piece of ill-luck; it would perhaps be misunderstood and jeered at. The roof has always stuck.

Another interesting old house moved after the great October freshet to the plateau skirted by the main street, was the "Three Elms" mansion. Joseph Thompson, originally of Lee, was the builder of this house. Joseph Thompson was the ancestor of the builders of the Kearsarge House, and his son Jonathan's farmhouse and blacksmith-shop once occupied the site of that famous hotel.

The first settlement of both Fryeburg and Conway was mainly by people from Concord, and towns in its vicinity. The tales related by the hunters, together with the glowing representations of General Frye and the men in his employ, exploring and surveying his grant, moved many among the best and the influential citizens of Concord and Pembroke (the town bestowed on Lovewell and his men) to effect a lodgment in this then vast wilderness possessed by an Indian tribe that bore a widespread reputation for valor and intelligence.

Some came, so history relates, for the sole purpose of seeing the battle-field near the Saco, where their fathers fell in the horrid strife, where the dauntless Lovewell lay down his life, and Chamberlain slew the Pequawket sagamore, Paugus. Many of the original proprietors never even visited the township of which they owned a lawful share, but disposed of their interests to other shareholders, or to others of different localities who were minded to settle in the valleys of the Saco. Other original proprietors commenced to improve their lots and then sold and moved away.

Prominent among the bold spirits who led in subduing the wilderness was Col. Andrew McMillan, lord of the manor, whose manor-seat was the time-honored McMillan House. For his gallant services in the French War, his majesty rewarded him with a tract of land that embraced all of the intervale on the east side of the Saco, in what is now Lower Bartlett. Colonel McMillan was born in Ireland, but came here from Concord in 1764 or thereabout, and after setting off a tier of lots from the river, back, with sufficient upland to each for farm uses, he commenced their sale, at the same time buying largely of the shares in Conway, and finally establishing a life residence in North Conway on a large tract of intervale and upland, known far and near as the McMillan farm. He was a large-hearted, generous man, and his house was noted for its open hospitality and



generous living; it was the rendezvous of people who came prospecting with reference to settlement, and became, of necessity, a house of entertainment. The colonel was prominent in proprietors' meetings, often moderator of town meetings, agent for the town, representative to general court, during his life paid the highest taxes in town, and was receiver of taxes (when these were paid in produce).

In consequence of the scarcity of money a large proportion of the taxes were paid in articles of produce and home manufacture, the value of each article being fixed by the town at the annual meeting. The month of December was the tax-paying season and for convenience several places were assigned for deposit, and trusty persons appointed to receive, and afterwards appropriate, sell, or exchange, as was found best. For this purpose a storehouse was built across the road from the McMillan House, and Colonel McMillan had charge of the business of receiving and disposing of the various commodities brought in payment of taxes. In this house were the scales and measures for weighing and measuring the grain, flax, maple sugar, salts, pot and pearl ashes, hams, bacon, cloth, etc. After a while they were thrown into great embarrassment on account of the depreciation in value of the continental money. This caused

trouble and litigation disturbing to the peace of the new settlement. As in all communities there was a difference of opinion as to the justification of the war, and so precarious and uncertain was the state of affairs that an armed committee of vigilance was organized by authority.

But when peace was proclaimed, our independence gained, and the young men returned from the war bringing others with them to settle in the new country, confidence and quietude returned. The old storehouse finally became the typical country store, the first of its sort in the region.

In 1773, one hundred acres of land at the outlet of Walker's pond (embracing the water privilege) and fifty acres on each side of the stream and pond were granted to Capt. Timothy Walker, who at once built both grist-mills and saw-mills on his grant. Colonel McMillan, General Frye, and Captain Walker did all in their power to induce immigration to the Pequawket intervales, and they were very successful. Soon there was an influx of settlers, not only from Concord and its vicinity, but from Portsmouth, Exeter, Dunbarton, Greenland, Lee, Durham, and other places in the state.

Thomas Merrill, Esq., was one of the most active and capable of the proprietors, and received and deserved the confidence of his townsmen. In 1769, when the inhabitants of Conway and adjacent towns were in need of a justice of the peace, after setting forth their want they petitioned in this wise,—"We would humbly beg liberty to let your Excellency know that we should be glad and rejoice if your Excellency Should appoint to that office Lieut. Thomas Merrill, of said Conway." The governor's council also recommended him as a "Suteable person to be in the Commition for ye Peace, &c." He was the clerk of the proprietors' meetings and town meetings for many years, and continued in public service during his life. He was a man of unusual education for those days, and the proprietors' records, by their expression, grammatical construction, and correct spelling, show this. He owned large tracts of land on both sides of the Saco, on which he settled those of his children who remained in Conway, generously aiding those who chose a professional life and sought their fortunes in other sections. He lies in the desolate and forest-grown graveyard near the acre-lots, though the town owes him and his companions who sleep with him there in that neglected spot, a monument on which should be inscribed their bravery, endurance, and worth.

Col. David Page moved from Dunbarton (where his ancestors were among the grantees) to Concord about 1761, was interested by Colonel Frye in the Pequawket settlement, and became an early and valuable settler. Several children were born in Fryeburg, and then it is recorded that Jeremiah, born August 12, 1770, was "Born at Conway;" and from that time, for many years, scarcely a public petition or document was sent to the general court but shows Colonel Page's prominence in Conway. He was selectman, justice of the peace, and representative. He was colonel in the Revolutionary army, and one of the first trustees of Fryeburg Academy. He combined with a love of wild sports and pioneer life, qualities

particularly useful to the young community, being a man of great push and positiveness, never acknowledging defeat; a good speaker, he was as ready at all times to exchange thrusts with the ablest intellects of Portsmouth or Dover as he was to do battle with hostile Indians.

The old Page place was in "Fag-end," or East Conway, and situated on "Conway street" at the head of the road leading at right angles from the road to Fryeburg Village.

then retreating from Canada. He was captured at the Cedars and suffered terribly before his return. He was another of the early selectmen. Col. David Webster, son of John, lived at "Fag-end," on "Conway street." He was a leader in the great eastern land speculation and a man of much ability.

The Hon. John Pendexter and his wife Martha came to this wilderness from Portsmouth, in the winter of 1772 or 1773. The eighty miles were

View from Pendexter Mansion.

Joseph Odell was an original proprietor whose family and descendants exercised for years a potent influence in affairs of the town. Richard Odell was a trader at Centre Conway, for a good many years. He acquired wealth, was prominent in affairs, and a frequent candidate for important positions on the Whig ticket. (The town was Democratic.)

Col. John Webster and his family were among the earliest settlers. Although quite young, Colonel Webster marched as lieutenant of Capt. James Osgood's company, early in the spring of 1776, to the aid of General Montgomery's shattered army

made, Mrs. Pendexter riding an old horse, with a feather-bed for a saddle, her husband by her side hauling the household furniture on a hand sled. Enduring many hardships their little log cabin, and afterwards a frame house, were built on the intervale, and their first child, sweet Alice Pendexter, was born there: but the sudden and violent freshets on the Saco and its tributaries soon warned Mr. Pendexter of the dangerous situation of his homestead, and he moved to the upland and built the house since enlarged, improved, and beautified, and known far and wide as the "Pendexter Mansion."

Mr. Pendexter was a strong character, self-reliant, and thoroughly independent; a man of great executive ability, he could brook no opposition to his proper wish or commands. He was a Puritan of the Puritans, always enforcing a strict observance of the Sabbath day in his household, and with his family and among his employés his word was absolute law. A carpenter by trade he was especially useful in the region in those early times. The Rev. Benjamin G. Willey in his "Incidents in White Mountain History," has left a vivid description of Mr. Pendexter's leadership at house raisings, he directing, with dividers and rule in hand, marking the work for the men during the preparatory process, they executing his orders with mallet, chisel, and auger; then when all was ready, acting as master of the enterprise, manning the spy-shoves and "firming" the pick-poles, he was in his element, about the work he loved best. Even after he became an old man (he lived to the age of eighty-three) he used to be at his work by sunrise, though it might be several miles away from home.

Mrs. Pendexter was the worthy helpmate of such a man, braving the hardships of a pioneer life, and doing all in her power to make the home of his selection a place of quiet and comfort. She lived to be ninety-two years old, and her daughter, the sweet Alice of the intervale, lived to be ninety-six, and became the mother of a line who do her memory honor.

Mr. Pendexter's nearest neighbor was Captain Elijah Dinsmore, who had served through the Revolution, and came here with his wife from Lee in the dead of winter. They made the journey on snow-shoes, he carrying all they had with which to set up housekeeping in the new country in a huge pack on his back. They spent their nights in the open air, and slept, if they slept at all, upon the snow. Their camp was built close by John Pendexter's cabin, and afterwards they built a frame house in which they "kept tavern," on or near the site of the Intervale House. Generally the log house would be built in the autumn while the ground was bare, and families would move in the winter, drawing hand-sleds on the top of the hard snow, arriving to find the house half buried under huge drifts, and have to shovel a hole through to find the door.

Other early settlers whose names should be honored were Deacon Abiel Lovejoy, Lieut. Amos Barnes, Capt. Samuel Willey, and Capt. John Hart.

Abiel Lovejoy came from Concord to Conway about 1771. His father, Henry Lovejoy, was one of the grantees, and Abiel first came here in the interest of his father. He settled on the west side of the Saco, near the Ledges, where he cultivated his beautiful farm and lived out his good and useful life. Deacon Abiel and his wife were of the eight who organized the first church in Conway, and he was the first deacon, and the "good deacon," for forty years.

Lieut. Amos Barnes was a distinguished Revolutionary soldier whose father was killed in the French War. Amos enlisted in the Revolutionary army when he was eighteen years old. He was in the Battle of Bunker Hill, in the retreat from Canada, and with Washington at the Battle of Trenton. In January, 1778, he enlisted for the third time, joined Gen-

eral Washington's army at Valley Forge and served for two years. In 1779 he was with General Sullivan in the Indian country and for two months was on half allowance of rations. In 1780 he returned to Concord and shortly afterward came to Conway, where he married Polly, second daughter of Richard Eastman. Lieutenant Barnes was also an officer in the militia, and lieutenant of a volunteer company at the commencement of the War of 1812. He was an earnest, honest, and industrious man, who served his day and generation well. The Barnes family was a markedly military and patriotic one in the early times, and one of the sons of Lieutenant Amos, Richard E. Barnes, was an honored veteran of the 1812 war, living to a great age and dying only a few years ago.

Samuel Willey came from Lee, and commenced a settlement on Stark's Location, now Bartlett, and later moved to North Conway, and lived on what is now known as the Bigelow farm until his death, in 1844, when he was more than ninety years of age. The Willey family was much respected; among its members were Samuel Willey, Jr., who perished with all his family in the heart-rending disaster of the great avalanche in the White Mountain Notch in 1826, and the Rev. Benjamin G. Willey, the second pastor of the Congregational church in Conway, and author of one of the most valuable and interesting works on White Mountain history that has ever been written. Benjamin Willey had a striking face, his likeness suggesting strongly the likenesses of the German poet, Heine, though the difference in the religious tenets of the two must have been still more striking!

Capt. John Hart came from Portsmouth, and settled on the west side of the Saco, near Cathedral ledge, which for years was called Hart's ledge for him. The old stage road from Conway through the notch, passed his door, and he kept one of the early inns. The memory of a daughter of the family will always be kept green in the North Conway Woman's Club. Several letters, part of a correspondence between Honor Hart and Josiah Merrill (a theological student) at the beginning of this century, had been found in one of the old houses of the place, and were read at one of the club meetings. Honor Hart was deeply versed in polemic discussion, as became the women of her day. She answered abstruse questions as to doctrine, held forth at some length on the highest aim of man, but she delighted the club most of all when she straitly charged Josiah Merrill never, never to show her letters!

Another daughter of the race, Mrs. Martha Whitaker, widow of Squire Charles Whitaker, an important man of the first half of this century, inherits all the fluency of expression and aptness of quotation that made Honor Hart so admirable a letter-writer and exponent of doctrine.

Those were stern old times when the difficulties in the way of subduing the wilderness were increased by the dangers. It was necessary not only that the men should be courageous and bold, they must be good athletes, able to whip a bear in a stand-up, or rough-and-tumble, fight. Athletics in those days meant something more than being able to play a

showy game of base-ball for the delectation of the summer girls seated by the hundreds of a mid-summer afternoon, on the rising hill that forms a natural amphitheatre to the North Conway base-ball grounds—though this is very nice.

The bear stories of the region would fill a volume. One is so very delightful that it must be put in this sketch: "A mile south of Conway Corner, on the road to Eaton, a small hill rises very abruptly from a little pond of water. One of the early settlers, Stephen Allard, a very strong, athletic man was going up this hill one intensely dark night. Near the summit he came suddenly and unawares into the warm embrace of a big bear. The bear, more on the alert than himself, had snuffed his approach and to give him a cordial welcome had risen on her hind legs and spread out her fore ones. The man immediately knew his antagonist and a regular wrestling bout began between the two. The bear hugged, and the man tripped. By a dexterous trick he at last threw the bear off her feet, and the two went down together. The hill was so steep that they commenced to roll over, first one on top and then the other, nothing stopping them until they tumbled splash into the pond. Crawling wet and dripping out of the water, neither felt inclined to renew the contest.

And those were the days of the good old-fashioned families. Seventeen of Mr. Richard Eastman's eighteen children were born in the house moved off the intervale, and his second wife was a widow with two children, so a full score was sheltered and grew up under the old roof-tree. As all of Richard Eastman's children, except one, married and raised children, and his brothers, Deacon Abiathar Eastman and Noah Eastman, were also blessed with large families who in their turn had many descendants, it is safe to say that the posterity of these three brothers is more numerous than that of any other three settlers in the Saco valley. At the distribution of the Christmas gifts at Grace Chapel a year ago, a young lady in the audience declared she counted the names of over one hundred and fifty Eastmans, when a funny occurrence made her lose the count!

Richard Eastman's house, after its removal to the upland, occupied in those days a very central business position, as in the vicinity there were the mills, the tavern, and the blacksmith-shop. He was a young man of strong mind and body and so threw his earnest nature into the public matters of the town as to form a part of its very existence. The formation of the first church, military affairs, the schools and roads, all were subjects of his thought and labor. He was justice of the peace and often the town clerk, and one of the rooms of the old house was used as a business office, and for the public library of which he was librarian. He was generally employed to draw up the deeds, bills of sale, petitions and plans and the like, and furnishes a fine example of the versatile leading citizen of those times.

Noah Eastman was the village miller for fifty years and was called "Honest Noah," though in his later life he was affectionately addressed as "Uncle Noah." He worked early and late and what with poor lights and the great quantity of grain

brought by the people of "Hard-scrabble" (as Kearsarge Village was then called), after ordinary working hours, he sometimes made mistakes—honest though his intentions were. One of the gems of nursery literature that used to be sung by the children to the tune of Yankee Doodle, and was popular all through the region, owes its inspiration to one of the good old miller's mistakes. Colonel McMillan, wishing to improve his corn

Molly Ocket when She was Young.

by getting an earlier kind, obtained a promise from Molly Ocket, a squaw of the Pequawket tribe, who made annual visits from Canada to her native home, to bring him a small sack of seed corn the next spring. In the spring she came as usual, and although it was getting dusk as she came along, she thought she could not pass by without calling a moment on the family of Squire Eastman. She laid the sack down by some mill-logs between the mill and his house, and during her absence it was discovered and carried into the mill and the corn was ground. Hence the verse,—

"Molly Ocket lost her pocket,
Lydia Fisher found it;
Lydia carried it to the mill,
And Uncle Noah ground it."

Molly Ocket was much esteemed by the first settlers and with reason. One Tomhegan (or Tom Hegan) was very active in his enmity toward the whites and had formed the design of killing a Colonel Clark of Boston, who came annually to the White Mountains to trade for furs. But quite contrary to his usual shrewdness, the plotter had explained how he meant to proceed to some of his companions. One of them—when under the influence of liquor—told the secret to Molly Ocket, and she determined to save Colonel Clark's life. To do it she must traverse a wilderness of many miles to his camp, but nothing daunted she set out early in the evening of the intended massacre and reached the camp just in season for him to escape with his preserver to the settlements. Tomhegan had already killed two of Clark's companions encamped a mile or two distant.

Colonel Clark's gratitude knew no bounds; and the good squaw in her old age, overcome by his earnest entreaties and the difficulty of supporting herself, became an inmate of his family in Boston. For a year she bore with a martyr's endurance, the restraints of civilized life; but at length she could bear it no longer. She must die, she said, in the great forest, amid the trees, the companions of her youth. The Rev. Benjamin G. Willey says that, "devotedly pious, she sighed for the woods, where, under the clear blue sky, she

might pray to God, as she had when first converted"; but one cannot help suspecting that the promptings of nature and heredity had something to do with it, and that she longed to act herself, and sit upon the ground to eat her meals when she chose!

Colonel Clark saw her distress, and built her a wigwam in her dear loved woods; he used often to visit her, and supported her for the remainder of her days.

The last meeting of the proprietors of Conway was holden in Portsmouth, August 31, 1769. The first regular meeting of the qualified inhabitants to vote in annual meetings was holden in Conway at the house of Capt. Joshua Heath, inn-keeper. At the meeting in 1773 they voted to build a meeting-house, and to settle a minister. This meeting had four adjourned sessions, mainly with regard to the building of the meeting-house. It was located "as near the geographical centre of the town as it was supposed possible to place it, and in a portion of the town deemed eligible for a city, on the plains below Pine hill and the Rattlesnake projection of the Green Hill range." But this location, after other settlements were made, did not seem to be the right one, and in a few years this first meeting-house (which had never been completed, though some of the early settlers, as before mentioned, had already been laid to rest in the graveyard that surrounded it) was taken down and moved near to the graveyard at Conway Centre. At first there were religious services whenever they could be obtained. The Rev. Timothy Walker, "a learned, orthodox minister of the Plantation of Pennycook," some of whose parishioners had emigrated to "Pigwacket, upon the Saco," used often to visit them, making the long journey on horseback. In 1771 a Mr. Kelly preached part of the year. Previous to 1774 Mr. Moses Adams had preached on probation, and received a "call" (which he did not accept) to settle permanently in Conway. The Rev. William Fessenden, of Fryeburg, used to preach for them after this until the Rev. Nathaniel Porter, D. D., was installed pastor, October 28, 1778. On the 18th of August of that year, Mr. Fessenden had "gathered into 'The Church of Christ in Conway'" these eight persons: Timothy Walker, Martha Walker, Abiel Lovejoy, Anna Lovejoy, Thomas Russell, Sarah Russell, Richard Eastman, Abiah Eastman.

Dr. Porter was a man of learning. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1768, and during the Revolution was chaplain in the Continental army when it was encamped around Boston. He had a keen intellect and sharp wit; religious controversies or discussions never disturbed the even tenor of his way or belief. It is recorded of him that, "He did not aim to excite the passions, but to reach the heart and consciences of men by convincing the understanding."

His pastorate here was full of hardships; his days were occupied with hard labor on his farm, and at night by the blaze of pitch-knots he wrote his sermons. Benjamin G. Willey wrote: "In going to his meetings on the Sabbath, which were always miles from his home, he generally went, in early times especially, on horseback, often facing a stiff northwest wind. The same was true in

East Conway Meadows.

relation to the funerals he attended, and his weddings and visitings. He never knew much about the luxury of an easy carriage."

The town voted to pay Dr. Porter £55, the first year, and his salary was never very much larger than that. He continued in charge until his death, November 10, 1836, at the age of ninety-three years, though in his later life, assistants were employed to help him. He did his duty faithfully and his works will follow him through unborn generations among these mountains.

The Baptists were not long in forming a church organization of their own At first every freeholder was taxed for his part of the minister's salary and was obliged to pay unless he could prove that he paid toward the support of a minister of another denomination from that of the one employed by the town. The town employed a pastor of the Congregational faith, so in 1795 Thomas Densmore, John Thompson, Isaac Chase, Enoch Merrill, Austin George, Amos Merrill, and Capt. John Chase protested against paying their minister's tax and certified that "they have given themselves as members of the society of that Branch of the Baptist Church of Christ in Sandwich belonging to Eaton and do Support the Preaching of the Gospel hear to our Sattisfaction."

The Baptist society of Conway was formed at the house of Samuel Willey August 26, 1796. October 19 of that year "Richard R. Smith was ordained minister by a council held at the house of brother Elijah Densmore, Senior." A parsonage farm was purchased for Elder Smith, the place now owned by Mr. Frank Allard.

In 1800, "The inhabitants of Conway voted to exempt the Baptists from all the Minister tax that now stands against them provided the sd Baptists Petition the General Court the next Session to be Incorporated into a Separate Society and that the town will give their Approbation."

After varying fortune and rise and fall there was a reorganization of the Baptist society in 1836, an ecclesiastical council being convened on the 14th of June, for the purpose. At this council the following naïve resolution was passed unanimously:

"*Resolved*, That we will not make use of ardent spirits only as a medicine, neither will we admit to our fellowship any who use ardent spirits as a drink."

In 1838 the Baptist meeting-house was built at North Conway; previous to this, meetings had been held in dwelling-houses, barns, and school-houses. Mrs. Betsy Whitaker, now the oldest living member, was admitted to fellowship in 1837.

The whirligig of time brings strange changes. In these days the beautiful name of Kearsarge Village seems a most appropriate title for a beautiful place, but Mr. Eastman says that when it was so called, the name of "Hardscrabble" was singularly appropriate. The intervale lands were so valuable that it was impossible for those who had no other means than the labor of their hands to procure an intervale farm in such condition as to meet their immediate wants, so they located on the back upland lots, and supported themselves and their families by working the greater part of their time "by the day" for the intervale farmers. The women and children were also employed in the busiest seasons, and he draws a graphic picture of whole families working together in the fields at planting-time or harvest. In planting-time the men did the "holeing," the children dropped the corn in the hill, and the women covered it. The men mowed and pitched the hay, the boys spreading, and the women raking it. Whole families pulled and shocked or spread the flax. If at these seasons there came up showers severe enough to stop out-door work, the energetic old housewives would always find a little something for each one to do while they *rested!* There was always wool to pick or spin, corn to shell, flax to comb, beans to pick over, and the pewter to scour, so there was scant time or place for rust or idleness. A day's work was from sunrise to sunset at the spot where the work was to be performed, so they had to travel from one to three miles before sunrise, and then after sunset often take their wages in grain upon their shoulders, go to the mill and get it ground, and from there home at the end of the day's work.

A picturesque character of the early Conway days was Dr. Alexander Ramsey, a learned Scotch physician and professor of McGill College, Montreal. He had a small medical school here, usually numbering from a dozen to twenty students, in a house now forming a part of the Sunset Pavilion. Those were the days when subjects for dissection were obtained with great difficulty, and grewsome were the tales told of the robbing of graveyards by Dr. Ramsey's students. Not for a great deal would the writer tell which room in the "Sunset" was once Dr. Ramsey's dissecting-room.

He was said to have the largest and best collection of charts and anatomical preparations in the United States, excepting only that of the Medical College of Philadelphia. In winter he used to visit Canada, lecturing in Montreal and Quebec where his ability was so highly appreciated that they paid him three hundred dollars for each evening lecture, and urged him to return year after year. Mr. Seth Chase of East Conway used to go with him as factotum, driving the team of two strong horses, the sleigh filled with blankets, buffalo rugs, and

several cases of specimens for illustrations. He was an able speaker, eloquent and magnetic, with a clear, distinct utterance and a fascinating brogue. In Conway he usually lectured only to his students, but occasionally he would give a public evening lecture to propagate his theories as to proper modes of living. He was a great hater of pork, or "hog-meat" as he called it, which he contended was the deposit of scrofula, and—largely at his own expense, so great was his determination and zeal—he got henhouses built and the people to raising chickens and eggs as a substitute for the hated "hog-meat." But he left the country during the War of 1812, returning after peace was proclaimed, and to his indignation and disgust found many of his charge returned to their "wallowing," as in his wrath he cursed the eating of pork. He rode through the neighborhood storming and upbraiding, and when a pious deacon took him to task for profanity, he asserted that the swine *were* "damned" since Scripture taught they were the appropriate vehicles for devils to ride to destruction in, away from the presence of virtue.

The doctor was said to have a life annuity of some twelve dollars per day which he expended principally for the benefit of the people of the town, in establishing theories in accordance with his convictions and in relieving the poor and needy, for his benevolence and liberality were unbounded.

The "young doctors" were the social lions of the town. They boarded at the different farmhouses of the neighborhood, and Mr. Eastman says that the beginning of the summer boarding business in North Conway was Dr. Ramsey's medical school. A party of the students were the first to ascend Mount Washington from the east side through the unbroken forest. They got lost and wandered around for two or three days and came near starving, but at last, in sorry plight, they were brought back to town where they were more talked about than ever—that perennial delight to the student heart.

The awful tragedy of the White Mountain Notch caused great sorrow in Conway. The privation and poverty of those times drew people closer together than do the prosperity and plenty of these, and the ties of neighborhood were guaranties of sympathy, loving kindness, and help to the utmost. Samuel Willey, Jr., being the son of Capt. Samuel Willey, and Polly Willey, the wife and mother, being the daughter of Deacon Abiel Lovejoy, and the first settlers being nearly all related by inter-marriages, the slide was of the nature of a family affliction to the dwellers on the Pequawket plains.

In the autumn of 1825, Samuel Willey, Jr., with his family, moved into the "Willey House," in the notch. They went to open a public house, sorely needed by travellers through the deep-drifted mountain gorge in winter, as there was no stopping place between the old Crawford House and the Rosebrook place, a distance of thirteen miles. So Mr. Willey was hailed as a benefactor, and during the next winter he and his shelter were greeted with as much warmth by travellers through the mountain pass, as the monks of St. Bernard by the wanderers upon the Alps.

On that dreadful Monday night of the 28th of August, 1826, the Saco did immense damage, and all day Tuesday and up to the close of the day Wednesday, all the men of the neighborhood were engaged "swimming cattle and horses and boating sheep from patches of land surrounded with water, on the intervale lands in Conway and Lower Bartlett." Towards dusk the town physician, Dr. William Chadbourne, a veritable "doctor of the old school," was on his way home from Bartlett, whither he had breasted the floods to visit his patients; he hailed the men, and told them that a man had come through the notch, staying the night before at the Willey House, and that no human beings were there. Immediately all who could safely endure the severity of such a trip commenced moving in that direction.

The flood had made the way well-nigh impassable, but the strong and athletic pushed over every incumbrance, climbing over rocks, trees, and brush, and wading through the yet swift-running waters. Some who had not the power of endurance, stopped at farmhouses until the next morning. Two pressed on to the old Crawford House where they learned that a small party had left there an hour before. It was past midnight, but they replenished their tin lanterns, and after snatching a hasty lunch, resumed the journey and overtook the others, who had been delayed by having to fell trees on which to cross the streams. They arrived at the Willey House before daylight, and by the flickering light of the lanterns entered that desolate house, from which had fled their trembling and horror-stricken friends to meet a fate they were trying to shun. When daylight dawned they commenced the search whose result all the world knows.

The Rev. Mr. Eastman was the last survivor of the searching party that went up from Conway, and the writer was once one of several to visit with him the scene of the slide more than fifty years after its occurrence. He was greatly affected and tears rolled down his aged cheeks when he told of how they entered the desolated home. Upon the table lay the open Bible, the goodman's spectacles marking the chapter he had read at family prayers that last dismal night; a candle-stick stood beside it. There was the trundle-bed in which the three youngest children had slept, the little shoes and stockings they had taken off for the last time, with other wearing apparel lying near. The bread was set to raise in a corner of the hearth and covered with a white cloth. It

Moat Mountain from Conway Bridge, Conway.

was a homely, domestic scene, but oh, what a pall had fallen upon it!

One common wide grave was dug for the bodies after the dreadful search was ended, and Elder Samuel Haseltine, a personal friend of the family, performed the burial service. When with slow and distinct utterance, at the commencement of his prayer he referred to the magnificence of the Deity, as described by the Prophet Isaiah, saying, "Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance," the echo from the mountains gave back every word of this sublime description in a tone equally clear and solemn with that in which they were first uttered. The scene in that wild glen was soul-stirring and heart-rending beyond description.

East Branch House and Pitman Hall, Lower Bartlett.

"And then one summer evening's close
We left them to their last repose."

The following winter the bodies were re-interred in the family graveyard on what is now the Bigelow farm.

The object of this sketch is primarily to show the sort of times those were when the town of Conway was first settled, and the sort of men the first settlers were. The history of the years that came afterward is familiar as a nursery tale to all who know anything of White Mountain history. It has been written and rewritten by the tribe of newspaper correspondents for the last score of years, and if it seem that the present writer gives scant space to it, she begs to assure her readers that it is only because she does not wish to bore them with what they have been told a thousand times already.

In 1825 a few summer tourists began to come to the region. Then the taverns were Thomas Abbott's Pequawket House, at Conway; Benjamin Osgood's, at Black Cat, in the lower end of the town; the McMillan House, Daniel Eastman's Washington House, S. W. Thompson's small tavern, where now stands the Kearsarge, at North Conway; and the Meserve's Eastering Branch House, at Lower Bartlett, on the site of the Pitmans' beautiful, though less poetically called, hotel of the same name.

From 1825 the tourists increased in numbers, but only tourists came, for it was not till late into the thirties that people came to pass the entire season. At that time the three hamlets of Conway were but little dots along the pleasant, winding roads, with Chatauque or Conway Corner

as the starting-point for various stage lines to distant parts of the state. There were lines from Concord, Dover, Littleton, and also one from Portland; these were mail routes. From 1825 to 1829 Samuel W. Thompson carried the mail from Conway to Littleton once a week on horseback; after that a two-horse team was driven over the route until the stage line was established. In 1775 a messenger had brought "ye post monthly," and in 1781 the state had employed "a mounted post-rider" to bring mail fortnightly from Portsmouth, so those mail-coach days were stirring times indeed!

Most of the tourists came on the coach from Centre Harbor, though the other lines were well patronized. It was an exhilarating sight to see the picturesque coaches and prancing horses careering along, the jolly driver cracking his long whip, passengers crowded on top and inside, the rumbles piled high with luggage. The older people and conservative and pessimistically inclined people declare that those were the best days in the business prosperity of the town, and indeed it is sometimes hard not to believe that they really were.

Great numbers of people travelled by private conveyances through the mountains, vastly more than do now. Samuel W. Thompson and John Smith put on an opposition stage line from Portland to the old Crawford House, and times were still livelier. It soon began to be evident that North Conway was going to be the summer metropolis of the east side. In 1850 Samuel Thom, Nathaniel Abbott, and Hiram C. Abbott built the Conway House, the finest hotel in the north part of the state, and put it in charge of that famous landlord, Horace Fabyan.

From this time until the two railroads entered the town at the beginning of the seventies, there were several men whose names inevitably occur to those who knew Conway in its transition state. At Conway village the prominent men were Hiram C. Abbott, Samuel Thom, William K. Eastman, and Jonathan T. Chase, the first judge of probate of Carroll county. At Conway Centre, was the great lawyer, Joel Eastman, who was United States district attorney and held many other offices with distinction, and of whom it was said that "if he had lived in Exeter or Concord there is scarcely a doubt but that he would have passed many years of his life in Congress." No lawyer of his time in New Hampshire was more eloquent in addressing a jury. Leander S. Morton was another important man at Conway Center, a trader on a large scale, selectman, representative, and town clerk for eighteen years. At North Conway were John McMillan, lord of the manor at the McMillan House, as his grandfather Andrew had been before him, and whose witticisms and *bon mots* were current coin of the east side, Samuel W. Thompson, the builder and for many years proprietor of the Kearsarge, Nathaniel R. Mason, W. H. H. Trickey, Stephen Mudgett, Isaac Edwin Merrill. These men contributed to the growth and prosperity and helped to establish the present fame of the place.

Landscape painters, too, Benjamin Champney and his friends, had done much to spread abroad a knowledge of the grandeur and beauty of the scenery. Mr. Champney first came

here in 1838. He writes: "For some time I had been studying a series of illustrations, drawn by an English artist named Bartlett, and engraved in England in a pleasing, captivating manner. These pictures so inflamed the imaginations of a young artist friend and myself that we resolved to consecrate our first sketching trip to the study of the same scenery." In 1850 Mr. Champney came again, and with him Mr. J. W. Casilear and Mr. J. F. Kensett, Kensett painting at that time, from the point where now stands the Hon. Payson Tucker's beautiful summer house, the picture that became so widely known, "The White Mountains and valley of the Saco, from Sunset Hill, North Conway." Mr. Champney says, "We went to the Kearsarge House, then kept, as it was for many years after, by Mr. S. W. Thompson. We interviewed him and he agreed to board us for the modest sum of three dollars per week." After that artists came in dozens and scores to the region, and its fame grew apace.

Echo Lake and North Conway, from White Horse Ledge.

With the coming of the Portland & Ogdensburg (now the Maine Central) and Eastern railroads the names of three men must always be associated in Conway; those of Gen. Samuel J. Anderson and John Anderson of Portland and the Hon. John W. Sanborn of Wolfeborough Junction (now Sanbornville). General Anderson was the president of the Portland & Ogdensburg and a foremost promoter of its construction. Being a most gifted and persuasive speaker it was easy for him to induce the town of Conway to raise five per cent. of its valuation for the building of the road. His brother, the late lamented John Anderson, was a famous engineer who maintained that the bridging of the terrific gorges of the Notch was possible, and accomplished it after it had been repeatedly declared impossible by other engineers. The Hon. John W. Sanborn has been one of the most important factors in the development of the Eastern, afterwards the Boston & Maine railroad, the continuation of whose line to here has made such a difference in the life and business of the town.

But the Conway of to-day: here again one approaches what, notwith-

Walker s Pond, Conway Centre.

standing its fascination, is felt to be a threadbare theme, for the letters of the summer correspondent have made it a household phrase wherever the name of the White Mountains has ever been heard. The great, and thus far only partially developed, resource of the town is its natural scenery. Bishop Niles, of New Hampshire, is fond of saying that "taking North Conway as the centre of the radii, the drives for ten miles in all directions about it, are not to be equalled for beauty and charm in any other part of this country, or in Europe, in a similar extent of territory." This statement ought probably to be changed by setting the length of the radii at fifteen miles instead of ten.

The roads that lead from one to the other of the three oldest settlements of North Conway, Conway (or Chatauque as it used to be prettily called), and Conway Centre, might be said to form an isosceles triangle, extended north and south, North Conway at the northern vertex, Conway and Conway Centre at the southwestern and southeastern vertices, respectively, the road connecting Conway and Conway Centre forming the base of the triangle.

Every one in North Conway is either directly or indirectly interested in the summer hotel business. The neighborhood includes North Conway, Intervale, Lower Bartlett, and Kearsarge Village. The best known hotels are the Kearsarge, the Sunset Pavilion, Eastman House, Intervale House, the Bellevue, East Branch House, Pitman Hall, the Ridge and Russell Cottages, and there are a great many smaller hotels and boarding-houses, and the number of these increases each year.

There are six places of worship in this neighborhood. Christ church (Protestant Episcopal) is under the rectorship of the Rev. William Greer. The Rev. William B. Allis is pastor of the Congregational society, and the Rev. Albert B. Todd of the Baptists'. The Methodist minister is the Rev. Charles E. Jones. Mr. Greer holds services Sunday afternoons at Grace chapel, Kearsarge, and the Methodist minister preaches Sunday forenoons at the meeting-house in Lower Bartlett, and afternoons at the North Conway meeting-house; and in summer time the Rev. Dr. John Worcester (a Swedenborgian clergyman) preaches every Sunday in his little chapel, at his summer place at Intervale.

There is the usual number of fraternal and social organizations at North Conway: a large lodge of Free Masons (a Royal Arch chapter was also established last autumn), Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Independent Order of Red Men, and the Moat Mountain Good Templars lodges, the latter very recently formed. The poetically named Pequawket Grange is an important and

helpful organization, and there is a live Woman's Club that is coming to have more and more a potent influence in the community. A chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution is also in process of formation; Mrs. Annie E. Ricker of the Kearsarge has been appointed regent. The Keely Institute has done a noble work, and since it was first opened in 1891, its influence has been felt all over the country. There is an admirable public library and a good circulating library. The *White Mountain Reporter*, a newsy little sheet, is published here; Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Blanchard are the editors and publishers.

There is an excellent system of water-works, the pure and unfailing supply being from a reservoir on Artist's brook, above Artist's Falls. There are two very well known mineral springs, the White Mountain, at the foot of Pine hill, and the Forest Glen, at the Keely Institute establishment. And this summer it is hoped that the streets and buildings may be lighted by electricity, the Bethlehem Electric Light Company having purchased Goodrich Falls and at the present writing being about to put in their plant there.

There are two physicians, George H. Shedd and John Z. Shedd. The Shedd brothers are studious and clever men in their profession. There are also two lawyers, the Hon. G. W. M. Pitman and Frederic B. Osgood, Esq. Judge Pitman (he was judge of probate 1874–'76) has been as conspicuous in the politics as in the law of Carroll county, having been elected thirteen times as representative and twice as senator from his district. He has also been a member of three constitutional conventions in New Hampshire, those of 1850, 1876, and 1889, a distinction said to have been conferred upon no other citizen of the state. One of Judge Pitman's sons, the Hon. Lycurgus Pitman, is one of the leading and most public-spirited citizens of North Conway, and has also been prominent in politics. He served as state senator in 1886. Mr. Osgood is a scholarly and able man, known as one of the best lawyers of the county, and with a constantly increasing reputation. From 1886 to 1889 inclusive, he served as county solicitor.

Mr. N. W. Pease, one of the important men of the town, and one of the present Republican representatives in the state legislature, has his home at North Conway.

Just why North Conway instead of Conway Corner (at present known as Conway) should have become the summer resort, after early circumstances changed and lines of travel were adjusted, is one of the things in the development of the town that is not easy to understand. The landscape views at Conway are beautiful, and several of them are exceptionally so. The junction of the Saco and Swift rivers, around

Scene at Redstone Quarry.

a thick-wooded, tiny island, with Mount Washington up the long valley vista; the magnificent panorama of mountains unrolled from the crest of the little hill at the northern end of the village; Mount Chocorua from the lower end; the lovely stretch of the Saco intervale walled by the great mountain-ranges to the north of the main road on which stands that ancient tavern, the Pequawket House, these are not surpassed in New Hampshire, nor often equalled.

It was the Pequawket House that Whittier described as,

". . . that quiet inn
Which looks from Conway on the mountains piled
Heavily against the horizon of the north
Like summer thunder-clouds."

An old guide-book published in 1825 instructs tourists to "stop at Abbott's, which is a good private inn," and goes on to say, "at that place the range of the White Mountains opens to view in the most magnificent manner."

But there is a valuable water power on the Pequawket stream that flows through the village, and Conway was early engaged in manufacturing. The whole year round, it is by far the most important part of the town. Its furniture and dry-goods shops, though they are still called "stores" here, are like those one finds in cities.

Sturtevant's peg-wood mill, and John B. Smith's chair and ladder factory are considerable industries, and A. C. Kennett's spool factory is an exceedingly valuable one, doing a business of $100,000 a year. Spools for both cotton and silk are made and shipped all over the country, though the larger part goes to Clark's Mile End Spool Cotton Company, of Newark, N. J. This is the only spool mill in New Hampshire and there are only eleven in the whole United states. The peg-mill was the first ever built to make the ribbon peg. The pegs are sent to the shoe towns of this country, to Montreal, and a great many to Germany.

Mr. B. F. Clark is superintendent of the Sturtevant mill. Both he and Mr. Kennett are distinguished Republicans, Mr. Clark having served in the legislature of the state as representative in 1891 and 1893, and Mr. Kennett in 1895. Mr. Kennett is also chosen alternate delegate to attend the Republican presidential convention at St. Louis in June.

The Conway Savings Bank, chartered in 1869, is an important factor in the progress of the whole town as well as of Conway Village. It has been conservatively managed and very successful. B. F. Clark is the president, and Christopher W. Wilder, the treasurer. Mr. Wilder is one of Conway's leading men, and has been much in public life.

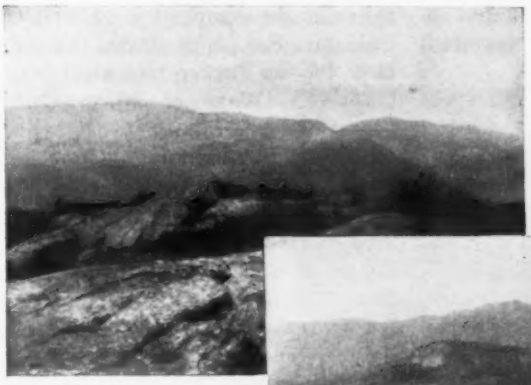
There is a single meeting-house that suffices for both Congregationalists and Methodists, the Methodists using it in the forenoon and the Congregationalists in the afternoon, a worthy example of denominational toleration surely not often observable. The Rev. J. H. Trask is the Methodist pastor and the Rev. Elisha A. Keep the Congregationalist.

The two hotels are the fine Conway House, and the Pequawket House. There is a pure water supply from a spring at the base of Moat mountain.

There is an Odd Fellows lodge and one of the Independent Order of Red Men, also an excellent, progressive, and enterprising Woman's Club.

There are three physicians, Samuel N. Greenlaw, Benjamin F. Horne, and C. P. Buzzell. John C. L. Wood, Esq., is the Conway lawyer, a painstaking and reliable practitioner.

Conway Centre is a pleasant, little place and prosperous from its proximity to the Redstone quarries and by Lieut. Barnet Walker. There has been a tavern here for about a hundred years. Here, too, is the old Ebenezer Burbank stand where that sturdy pioneer "kept tavern" after his marriage to fair Fanny Stark, a near relative of Gen. John Stark. The beautiful "Odell place," once the home of Joel Eastman, is now owned by his nephew, Joel Eastman Morrill, the father of a strikingly handsome and intellectual family. His three daughters and a son have all received a collegiate education. Mr.



Washington, Adams, and the Centre Notch, from the Summit of Kearsarge.

One Mile up Kearsarge—Moat Mountain and the Ledges, from the Prospect Ledge.

H. B. Cotton's mills on the Walker's pond water-privilege. Mr. Cotton manufactures boxes, employing quite a number of men and deals to quite an extent in flour and grain. He is one of the leading men of the town and has served very acceptably in the state legislature.

The town-house is located at the Centre, near where was once the inn of Joshua Heath, and there is a neat chapel in which the Methodist minister from Conway Corner preaches Sunday afternoons. The Centre House is an old house of entertainment, a part of the building having been the first framed house occupied

Morrill is an advanced and model practical farmer, and all movements to advance the well-being of the town and state are sure of his intelligent advocacy and assistance.

The Centre lawyer, John B. Nash, Esq., has made himself widely known. He has served a term in the state legislature as representative in 1894, and in the same year was the Democratic candidate for congress from this district.

In the old days the ties of neighborhood and fraternal feeling united the different parts of the town very closely, as has been seen; but in later times, after North Conway had become the great summer resort of the east side, diversity of business interests tended to isolation, and in 1891 an unsuccessful attempt was made to induce the New Hampshire legislature to set off the North Conway neighborhood and incorporate it into a town by itself.

The schools of Conway have not kept pace in improvement with her other interests. Those at Conway village are probably the best, and those of North Conway the poorest, but on the whole, for this day and generation, they are deplorably inadequate. The late ex-Senator Patterson, then state superintendent of the public schools of New Hampshire, told the writer more than a dozen years ago, that the schools of Conway were a hundred years behind those of other parts of the state; and there has been no signal improvement in the last score of years. The rule is generally a new teacher for every term, that method so fatal to progress for the pupils. The present school board is an able one, and will do all they may to improve the present state of the schools. Its members are Mrs. Abbie M. D. Blouin, the Rev. Elisha A. Keep, and the Rev. William B. Allis.

Half way on the line or road between North Conway and Conway Centre is the little settlement of Redstone, its romantic situation lending a picturesque look; to the east and towering above it, is Rattlesnake mountain, on the gashed sides of which is the quarry whose fine red-tinted stone gives the little village and the quarry itself, its name. It is a wild, romantic-looking height, and always reminds the writer of Drachenfels on the Rhine, from whose *Dombruch*, or cathedral quarry, was taken the granite to build the Cologne cathedral.

Redstone quarry is owned and operated by the Maine and New Hampshire Granite Company, of which Ara Cushman, Esq., is president, and the Hon. Payson Tucker, treasurer; Mr. George A. Wagg of North Conway is the general agent. It is an important industry, and Redstone granite is sent all over the country. The names of the buildings made from it since the quarry was first opened in 1886 would make a long list. The Union railway station in Portland, the new Union station in Boston, the New Hampshire State Library building in Concord, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union Temple in Chicago, and some of the finest business blocks in New England and of the West, are among them. Besides the building stone, nearly two millions of paving blocks are made here annually, the greater part of them being sent to New York city. A green variety of granite of the best quality and apparently inexhaustible (as the red is thought to be) is also quarried here.

From North Conway to Intervale, from Intervale to Kearsarge village, down the long stretch of Kearsarge road and then back to North Conway, forms a charming drive of four miles, popularly known as "Around the Square," though the sides of the "square" would not exactly conform to the geometrical requirement that these should be of equal length.

At Intervale is the beautiful summer cottage colony, the home during six months of the year of a number of distinguished men and their families, among whom may be mentioned Dr. James Schouler, the eminent historian and jurist, the Rev. George B. Currie, D. D., the Rev. Daniel Merriman, D. D., Melancthon M. Hurd, formerly of the publishing firm of Hurd & Houghton, the Rev. Harry Nichols, and W. Eliot Fettee, Esq., and the Rev. Dr. John Worcester, and James H. Gamble, Esq.

At Kearsarge, too, a summer cottage contingent is growing up. Capt. S. H. Newman and Prof. James Wallace have pleasant places on the Kearsarge "Sunset Hill," and Mr. George E. Carter is just completing a handsome house there. Mr. Fred I. Pratt has a fine house close to the Ridge hotel, and Mr. F. S. Boyse a cosy house with wide grounds and pretty pine trees, in a pleasant field by itself.

These times are a great contrast to the days away back in the forties, when Edwin Merrill took artists to board for two dollars per week, but he led the way in making Kearsarge village what it is to-day.

And it has been said that the south end of North Conway village, that was getting to look a little decayed, for all its stately trees and magnificent outlook, seems once more the "court end," from the neighborhood of beautiful "Birchmont," and the stimulus it has given to "village improvement" feeling there.

The farming districts of the town are becoming popular for summer residence. At Walker's pond, South Conway, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Nesmith, of Lowell, have a lovely place, and Mrs. Greenhalge has just purchased a farm there. The late Governor Greenhalge was fond of that neighborhood and intended to build a summer house there this year, if he had lived.

Walker's pond is a wonderfully lovely sheet of water. It is three miles long, has an area of nearly two square miles, and contains four small islands. Starr King declared the view from it more fascinating than any other along the south-eastern avenue to the mountains. He says: "The Rattlesnake range, one of the guardian walls of North Conway, stretches off to the right, overtopped by the feminine beauty of the slopes of Kearsarge. To the left are 'The Ledges' and the neighboring heights. A little below these, and on nearly the same line, rise Moat and Chocorua, towering over intervening hills. And in the centre, the White Moun-

Glimpse of an East Side White Mountain Coaching Parade.

tains, back of all, have their bulk crowned by the dome of Mount Washington."

It is not pleasant to refer to an occurrence in the history of Conway, in which Conway people take the greatest pleasure and pride—not pleasant because another town in the state claims that the honor paid to Conway was meant for this other town.

But the writer would be unfaithful, if she failed to tell how that the Union war ship *Kearsarge* that sunk the rebel ship *Alabama*, was named after the Carroll county Mount Kearsarge; and how that every one in town was very proud of this, and agreed more perfectly than before with Mr. G. V. Fox, assistant secretary of the navy under President Lincoln, in his opinion that, "Taking everything into consideration, it is unquestionably the finest mountain in New Hampshire," and how when there was an attempt made to change the name of the mountain from "Kearsarge" to "Pequawket," a petition was sent to the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of New Hampshire, signed by the late Judge Joel Eastman, of Conway, and all the best known men of Carroll county, asking that the proposed change of name be not sanctioned; and how that a passage in the petition read:

"There is no one in our region who has asked for a change of the name Kearsarge, endeared to us by the associations of three generations and rendered memorable by the illustrious success of the United States steamer named after it, over the rebel cruiser *Alabama*, in 1864."

And then it seems that a member from Merrimack county arose and said that the war ship was not named for the Carroll county mountain, but was named for the mountain in the member's county, Merrimack! Thereupon (in 1876) Judge Lory Odell, of Portsmouth, wrote to the Hon. Gideon Welles, ex-secretary of the navy, to the effect that upon the occasion of the presentation to the general court of New Hampshire of a remonstrance by the people of the county of Carroll against any recognition of an attempt then being made to change the name of their Kearsarge mountain to Pequawket, the claim that the mountain provided a name for the sloop-of-war *Kearsarge*, was disputed by a member from Merrimack county, who asserted that it was not named from the mountain in the county of Carroll, near North Conway, but from that in the county of Merrimack, west of Concord.

Judge Odell informed Mr. Welles that the authority for the latter statement was said to be a letter of his, and he appealed to him for his decision in the matter in the following language: "The inhabitants of the towns adjacent to the county of Carroll Kearsarge, recognize that the secretary of the navy, who was required by law to name the vessels of war, is the only person whose decision and statements cannot be controverted."

The ex-secretary of the navy, in his reply, wrote: "Mrs. Fox, the wife of the assistant secretary, and daughter of Hon. Levi Woodbury, knew, what I did not, that there were two mountains bearing the name of 'Kearsarge,' and as she states the Carroll mountain was the one in view I think it entitled to the paternity. . . . Only Mr. Fox and his wife were consulted in the matter, and she, familiar with New Hampshire mountains and

scenery, is entitled to the honor and credit of deciding the question."

The Hon. Ithiel E. Clay, of Chatham, was very indignant at the assumption of the member from Merrimack county. Mr. Clay owns the greater part of the Carroll county Mount Kearsarge, and his other land possessions are so extensive that it is said one may ride thirteen miles on his domain, all the time going onward. Naturally he takes the greatest interest in the history of the region, and no one is better versed in it than he. He wrote as follows:

"In the autumn of 1876 I met G. V. Fox, who was assistant secretary of the navy during Abraham Lincoln's administration, at the Kearsarge House, North Conway, and in a conversation in regard to which mountain the war steamer *Kearsarge* —that sunk the *Alabama*—was named for, he said positively for the Chatham mountain, and gave the circumstances or reason why it had that name, which was as follows: He said when he was quite a small boy his father took him to North Conway, and after staying there several days they went to the top of Kearsarge, it being the first mountain that he was ever on, and that the scenery from the top made an impression on him that lasted through his life. During the war there were built three steamers, and he well remembered that the right to name them was with the secretary of the navy, who delegated that right to Mrs. Lincoln, wife of the president, Mrs. G. V. Fox, and another lady whose name he had forgotten, and that the latter suggested to his wife to call it Kearsarge, which she did, and she had in view the mountain in Chatham and Bartlett and no other."

The assertion of the ex-secretary of the navy who alone had the right to name the war vessel, coupled with the statement of Assistant Secretary Fox, to that of Mr. Clay, of Chatham, is believed in Conway to be conclusive as to the right of Carroll county Mount Kearsarge to lay claim to the honor of having had the historic war vessel named after it.

The statements of the Hon. Gideon Welles, and of G. V. Fox, Esq., his assistant secretary, are to be seen in the records of the Appalachian Mountain Club.

AMONG THE HILLS.

By George Bancroft Griffith.

The springtide's flood of glory brings me here
'Midst Nature's bridal bloom to pause awhile;
In shadowy aisles, by rock-rimmed pools so clear,
Or nooks bird-haunted, to the poet dear,
To rest and dream, forget the world, and smile!
Here, where the half-veiled peak of Moat is seen,
The Giant's Stairs, the swift and foamy fall,
Mine eyes to feast, while sprays of living green
Touch and caress, and God is over all!

The Old French Well.

THE LAND OF EVANGELINE.

By Helen E. Phillips.

CLOUDLESS, azure sky; quiet, dreamy ripples on the distant basin; sleepy, hazy solitude over the time-honored dikes, that so faithfully served to keep in safety the happy homes of the Acadian peasantry. So appears the fair country of Evangeline on any summer day. The very locomotive is imbued with the peace of the scene, and ushers its load of eager passengers into the little station, with a plaintive wail, which seems to be the echo of a distant past, rather than the bustling herald of our nineteenth century customs.

Leaving the dusty train with its suggestions of timetables and baggage-checks, we walk through the little village of Wolfville, past its busy stores, white churches, and pretentious academy, straight up the hill into the sunset. As we stand there in the rosy glow and watch the shadows come creeping over the land from the eastward, we make haste to discover tangible objects, that we may afterwards locate, lest with the falling darkness all should disappear and leave but the memory as of a beautiful dream.

To the left, far, far away, the Bay of Fundy, mingles with the gray hills beyond, and over its broad expanse

"Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced ocean speaks."

Farther to the south but near at hand rises Blomidon, stately, majestic, its crown just kissed by the rays of the departing sun, the lazy ripples fawning at its feet, craving the protection of so mighty a monster. To the eastward are the low, flat meadows with their border of foot-hills, and at our very feet, its waters making gentle inroads upon the soil, the Basin of Minas, doing its homage to the fairest and quaintest of all the land, the onetime Acadian village, Grand Pré.

Down the valley of the Gaspereau, in the bright morning light, the drive is a delightful one; for three miles the road winds over the ridge, down into the valley and up again on the other side, at each turn bringing into view clusters of tidy farm-houses, and goodly acres well tilled. At last we leave the river to find its way to the ocean, alone, and turning to the right and to the left come directly into the little village, this new Grand Pré, which is builded on the site of the ruined homes of the Acadian peasants. Here and there, on the outskirts, peeps

out a gabled roof with its dormer windows, and at the doors as we pass,

"Matrons and maidens sit in snow-white caps and in kirtles,
Scarlet and blue and green."

On a little eminence in the midst of the village, looking down with venerable pity on its modern usurper, stands an old church, now long past use, its weather-beaten sides and broken panes mournfully testifying to its age; so pathetic it seems, standing alone with its sentinel of yew trees, keeping guard over the dead of past generations, one might fancy that it had escaped the fury of the English invaders, and could it speak might unfold wondrous tales to listening ears; so quaint and old is it that here Evangeline might have worshipped and sung the hymns of her people, as when,

"On Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal."

Turning toward the sea, a short walk from the village brings us to the row of willows near the old French well, so designated among the villagers. Sturdily these patriarchs have withstood the turbulent waters, as at flood tides the gates of the dikes have opened to receive them; valiantly have they held their ground in later years and withstood the encroachments of time, and now they are proudly pointed out by the pleasant-voiced farmer as the site of the forge of Basil, the blacksmith, and perhaps they are, who shall say? Here could we imagine Gabriel and Evangeline as

"There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders."

Too beautiful is the country and too content, to have its peace disturbed by the frenzied demand for fact of our eager life, so unquestioning we turn from our all too brief stay, and leave the solemn old willows, the placid bay, and over all, well guarding his many charges, stately Blomidon.

The Old Church.

ANNIS GAGE MARSHALL.

By Col. Wm. H. Stinson.

ANNIS GAGE MARSHALL is a woman of more than ordinary note and ability. She was a daughter of Solomon and Dolly (Chase) Gage, born at the old farm home in Bedford, August 1, 1832. She received her education in the district school and the institutes in Nashua and at Reed's Ferry, and was for some time successfully engaged in teaching, until her marriage, January 23, 1853, with Enoch P. Marshall of Dunbarton, which town was subsequently her home until after Mr. Marshall's decease in September, 1891.

Annis Gage Marshall.

Of an active temperament, and gifted with strong mental powers, Mrs. Marshall realized most fully the social and intellectual limitations of life in our farming communities, especially so far as woman is concerned, and when the Grange movement began to be developed in the state she was among the first to realize its importance, and the advantages which it

offered her sex in common with the other. She became a charter member of Stark Grange No. 42 of Dunbarton, organized in 1874, and was a devoted member of that organization and of the order at large, serving most efficiently for seven years altogether as lecturer, and occupying other official positions.

An earnest and eloquent speaker, and gifted also with poetic talent of no mean order, she has often been heard effectively in Grange gatherings, public and private, as well as at general agricultural meetings, under the auspices of the State Board of Agriculture and otherwise, in addresses and poems. The cause of temperance has ever found in her an ardent friend and champion; and at all proper times and occasions she has spoken freely and forcibly in its interest, though never neglecting, even in the slightest degree, the paramount duty of wife and mother.

Mrs. Marshall was a member of the Baptist church while residing in Dunbarton, and an active leader and efficient worker for every good cause and object in which the church was interested.

In 1892, after her husband's decease, she removed to the beautiful village of Milford, where, in a cosy cottage with attractive surroundings and a beautiful outlook, her home is now established, in companionship with her daughter Jessie, a teacher in the Milford schools. Lydia, another daughter, for a time engaged in departmental work in Washington, is now a teacher in that city, while Bertha, the third, is the wife of L. O. Goodhue of Bow.

I GLIDE ADOWN THE FLASHING STREAM.

A CHARADE.

By Edward A. Jenks.

I glide adown the flashing stream
  Serenely in my First;
I trail my lines for yellow bream,
  Of fish nor best nor worst;
And when I of Sahara dream,
  I quench my dreamy thirst.

When every breezy summer dell
  Is full of frozen dreams,
I sometimes deem it passing well
  To mass the sun's warm beams,—
And in a corner of my cell
  Ah! how my Second gleams!

The axis of the spinning earth
  Extends from pole to pole,
And has since morning had its birth;
  Withdraw it, and a hole
Of mighty length and breadth and girth
  Will need my strengthening Whole.

Cass—Carr Homestead at Wilmot.

A TYPICAL NEW ENGLAND FARMER.

By H. H. Metcalf.

IT has been asserted that, within a radius of twenty miles, about the base of Kearsarge mountain, there have been born and reared a greater number of men of national prominence than in any other section of equal extent in America. It is a rugged section, so far as its physical aspect is concerned, and strong men have gone out from its limits to make deep and lasting impress upon the national life and character. Men, too, of sterling worth have remained to pursue the avocation of their fathers, promote the welfare of their communities, and maintain the honor and dignity of the state.

There is no better type of American citizenship than that embodied in the intelligent and successful farmers of our New England hill towns, a worthy representative of whom is found in the person of John M. Carr of Wilmot, proprietor of Cass-Carr farm on the westerly slope of Kearsarge mountain in that town.

This farm was settled by Benjamin Cass, who, with William Morey, was among the first to locate in what was then known as "Kearsarge Gore," the upper portion of which, with the northerly part of New London, was incorporated as the town of Wilmot in June, 1807. Kearsarge Gore was lotted in 1779, and Benjamin Cass must have located there soon after. He was a brother of Maj. Jonathan Cass of Exeter, who was the father of Lewis Cass and a soldier of the Revolution, enlisting the day after the Battle of Lexington. He was born March 27, 1752, and married Abigail Bartlett in June, 1784, bringing her to his home over the old "Salisbury trail," which led around the slope of the mountain from the town of Salisbury.

Mr. Cass was a blacksmith as well as a farmer, and did a prosperous business at the trade in a shop whose site is still indicated. That he was a prominent citizen and active in public affairs is manifest from the fact that he was one of the two men named in the legislative act of incorporation as authorized to call the first town meeting in Wilmot. From the old family Bible it appears that Benjamin and Abigail (Bartlett) Cass had children as follows: Abigail, born July 19, 1785; Elizabeth, December 28, 1790; Gershom Bartlett, November 4, 1792; Mary, March 2, 1805. After his first wife's death he married Molly Dole, September 25, 1817. He died March 11, 1831, and she survived him several years. The son, Gershom Bartlett Cass, was a soldier of the War of 1812, being the first man in Wilmot to respond to the call for troops, though but twenty years of age. He received a lieutenant's commission and served throughout the war.

The first home of Benjamin Cass was a rude cabin of the primitive

order. He subsequently erected a frame dwelling, which forms the central part of what is now known as the "old house," in the left of the accompanying picture. The son built a new house, near that of his father, and there brought his wife, Phebe Dole, a daughter of his step-mother. Elizabeth, the second daughter, married Nathaniel Carr, and they settled on a part of the Cass farm, near the road leading from the old Salisbury trail to the site of the present Winslow House. Here Nathaniel Carr died, leaving two children—Joseph Brown and Sally. The widow subsequently married a Harriman, and removed to New London; but upon her death, not long after, the Carr children returned to the Cass homestead.

Joseph B. Carr married Mehitable Cilley and lived in the Benjamin Cass house. He became an influential citizen, was conspicuous in town affairs, and was made a colonel of the state militia in 1846. He had one son, John Moore Carr, born October 30, 1836, who, on attaining manhood, decided to remain upon the old farm which had come into his father's possession. He repaired and refitted the house which his great uncle, Gershom Bartlett Cass, had erected, and there brought his wife, Rhoda E. Haskins, to whom he was married January 3, 1858.

The Cass-Carr farm, comprising the first lot conveyed to Benjamin Cass, being "lot No. 16, originally drawn to the right of Theodore Atchinson," and subsequent large accessions, includes about 1,000 acres of land, of which a large portion is wood and pasture. It has been operated by Mr. Carr in the ordinary course of New England mixed farming, with special attention to particular lines of production at different times. Potato culture was once a leading feature, when 3,000 bushels per annum were produced. Sheep husbandry was for a time largely engaged in, when about 250 sheep throve on the place. Cattle were also reared for the market to some extent; but of late milk production is the leading feature, about twenty-five cows being kept for this purpose.

A spacious barn, 150 feet in length, gives storage for the 150 tons of hay cut on the place, while some 400 bushels of grain are also produced. There is also a silo of about seventy-five tons capacity.

Like his father, Mr. Carr has been a leading citizen of the town, giving his time and service freely to promote its interests. He has served upon the board of selectmen, as supervisor for several years, and is now serving his third term as a member of the school committee. In 1881 he represented the town in the legislature, being the first Republican chosen in that strongly Democratic town.

He has been an interested member of the order, Patrons of Husbandry, for many years, having joined Kearsarge Grange, No. 87, at its reorganization in November, 1878. He served five years as master and two years as lecturer of this grange; is a working member of Merrimack County Pomona Grange; has served two years as a district deputy of the state grange, and has been twice elected a member of the executive committee of the latter organization, holding this position at the present time. He has been connected with various agricultural organizations and

is now a vice-president of the Merrimack County Grange Fair Association and president of the local section of the New England Milk Producers' Union. He has been for 35 years a member of the Masonic fraternity.

Mr. Carr's son and only child, Joseph Bertrand Carr, a young man of much promise, died from consumption at the early age of 24, October 14, 1883, eight months after his marriage with Luvia M. Collins of Wilmot. Six months later his wife died, and his son's widow, the younger Mrs. Carr, has remained at the head of the household—the guiding spirit of a true New England country home, taking an interest in all that pertains to the success of the farm work and in the social and educational welfare of the community in which Mr. Carr himself is so deeply concerned.

No man in any community is more thoroughly respected by his fellow-citizens, of all shades of opinion and belief, than is John M. Carr of Wilmot. The widow and the fatherless seek his counsel and aid, and his neighbors and townsmen rely upon his judgment in all matters of business where the advice of others is considered desirable.

Such men are the strong pillars of our rural New England communities, and their sterling character contributes in large degree to the stability of our institutions.

ONE MORNING.

By Virginia B. Ladd.

The wonderful book of the seasons
  Is open again at June,
A bird, on the high, swinging elm bough,
  Is singing a jubilant tune.

The elm seeds are falling like snowflakes
  As the branches respond to the breeze,
And a shower in the night has brought freshness
  Alike to the flowers and the trees.

The emerald tint of the lawn grass
  Has changed to a deeper hue,
Far above, a white cloud mass is sweeping
  Across a pure surface of blue.

The whole world is vibrant with music,
  All the summer's still life speaks to-day
In a joyous, unsyllabled language,
  A gladness no words can convey.

Much too fine for our dull ears to hear it
  We can still *feel* the eloquent tune,
So we join with our hearts in the rapture
  And know we are glad it is June.

REVENGE IS SWEET.

By Edwin Osgood Grover.

MISS STANTON was truly forlorn. "What ever made me come back to this deserted place," she said despairingly as she sat by her open window and looked out across the lawn of the Intervale House to the flush meadows and the proud mountains beyond.

"I've half a mind to compel Mamma to pack our trunks to-morrow and go to Nantucket or Buzzard's Bay. Ten to one Harry learned that I was here and has gone to the beach simply to avoid me. He knows how I hate the glare of the sand and the salt water."

"I wonder who could have told him that we were here," she said thoughtfully. "It must have been Miss Van Wildt."

"Mamma!" she called, "are you quite certain that you overheard Miss Van Wildt say that Harry Osmond was to spend the season here?"

"Oh, I'm very positive, Alice. You remember it was at Mrs. Benson-Smyth's Easter ball and we had planned to summer at the Adirondacks."

"Then why doesn't he come? Here it is the first of August and Harry always came before by the middle of July."

With an audible sigh of disappointment Miss Stanton took up her novel and pretended to be reading though it was evident that she was much more interested in the love affairs of Miss Stanton than of a thousand "Old Maids." Just now they were causing her not a little concern for there was not a single young man among the score or more already at the mountains that interested her in the least. In fact she had returned to North Conway instead of going to the Adirondacks solely to have an opportunity to win back her whilom lover, Harry Osmond. That had been her last engagement and after a winter without a proposal Miss Stanton had become alarmed for her life—the married one I mean—and fallen back with a sort of adoring despair upon the neck of her lover of last season. She recalled the many little "accidents" which had led up through a jolly summer to their happy engagement, how she was the open envy of the other girls. Then came that dreadful Miss Van Wildt and the affair at the coaching parade ball which was wholly inexpiable in her jealous eyes and when a few days later he had mentioned a wedding at some distant date she had sternly answered "Never!" and coldly returned his engagement ring and trinkets. "Poor Harry did take it desperately hard," she confessed half aloud. "And I guess I was too hard on him, though he deserved it every bit. Yet I know I could make him love me again if he would only give me an opportunity."

Then she went back to her preten-

sions at reading, laughing lightly at the stupidity of the "Old Maid" at not managing her love affairs more shrewdly.

"Alice!" called her mother at last, "who is that young gentleman on the box? I don't find my glasses."

Miss Stanton glanced carelessly out of the window at the gay tally-ho that came rolling swiftly up to the front piazza, loaded with "new arrivals" from the evening train.

"Oh, its Mr. Osmond, Mamma!" she exclaimed, so delighted that her mother gave a warning "Hush!"

Miss Stanton was full of ecstasies. "I knew he would come!" she cried confidently. "Now Harry Osmond beware," she thought to herself as she went to dress for dinner. Even Miss Van Wildt would have had to confess that she was charming as she entered the dining-hall that evening wearing her most dashing gown and winning smile and carrying an immense bunch of sweet peas which, by the way, were Mr. Osmond's favorite flowers.

Early in the evening while promenading with her mother she met Harry Osmond with a pleasant smile.

"I am delighted to see Mr. Osmond," she said. "We all had begun to fear that you had quite deserted us."

"It was not intentional I assure you, Miss Stanton. A foolish fellow took it into his head to have a midsummer wedding and as I had a chance acquaintance I felt obliged to stay in town till the event was over."

"It was awfully good of you to stay, but a little unkind of him, don't you think, to set such an unreasonable day and torture his friends with August heat?"

"Possibly, Miss Stanton, but he only asked a very few to remain. It was a very quiet affair. On the whole I am rather glad I stayed for I fear it would not have gone smoothly without me."

"Nothing does," said Miss Stanton with a smile that would have won an Indian's heart.

"Thank you, Miss Stanton. Shall we promenade a few moments?"

"With pleasure," she answered. "Mamma," she added, "I'm afraid the evening air will be too cool. Shan't I arrange a chair in the parlor for you?"

"The air is chilly, Alice, but I wont trouble you. I'll go in and finish 'Trilby.' Do you know, Mr. Osmond, I'm so fascinated by that charming creature that I'm reading the book for the fourteenth time?"

"Good-night, Mamma," said Miss Stanton, turning to Harry Osmond with a smile that made him forget to answer her mother.

After a few moments' walk on the lighted piazzas they became uncomfortably crowded and Miss Stanton suggested that they cross to the summer house, and Mr. Osmond said he would be very happy there; so they went.

"You don't know how pleasant it seems, Harry, to find you just as of old," she said confidingly as soon as they were alone. "I feared you might think I ought to wait for an introduction after our little *bataille des coeurs* of last season. But it isn't necessary that one sign a treaty of peace after every foolish love quarrel, do you think so, Harry?"

"Well, that depends whether they intend to continue hostilities or not. Still treaties are frangible as well as

hearts and other playthings," said Mr. Osmond, thoughtfully.

"I suppose so," sighed Miss Stanton, "but I'm not a connoisseur on war and international relations. I wish I were though," she said, longingly.

"May I ask why, Alice? Did you want to make a treaty with some one?"

"O Harry!" she cried, bursting into a little flood of tears that was quickly dried under his affectionate caresses, "how did you know I have been utterly miserable without you all winter?" she sobbed, "and that I have been waiting here three whole weeks just for you to come?"

"Why, you told me," he said, laughingly, so that she looked at him in surprise through her tears.

"I? It was that Miss Van Wildt, you mean."

"Pardon me, Alice, but I did not know it till to-night. I see you are still a bit jealous over my attentions to her last coaching parade day."

"I, jealous? Why, Harry, how could you think such a thing? But, then, I had cause enough, the idea of your dancing twice with her when you had been engaged to me for three weeks!"

"I suppose it was a criminal offence, Alice, but you know she is Jack's cousin, and a fellow has to sacrifice something to a chum's relative. It was only courtesy to Jack."

"But you were so sensitive when I accused you of it next day. Why, you just *made* me break our engagement," she said apologetically.

"Well, who wouldn't have been sensitive when you told him that you had no further use for a fickle summer dude. Then you said ——"

"But *you* called me a flighty summer girl, you know you did, and without the slightest provocation, for I hadn't danced with a soul except you all summer?" Miss Stanton exclaimed through fresh tears.

"Well, well, Alice! where is your treaty now? We shall be at war again if we don't sign it soon."

"That is just like you, Harry, so forgiving and thoughtful!" she said, drying her tears. "May we make all up again, and forget our quarrel? Be as much to each other as if it never had happened?"

"Yes, certainly, if you wish it!"

"Then, there is the treaty of peace!" she said, extending her hand, which Harry raised silently to his lips.

"Do you know, Harry, I think our engagement last year was too long, don't you?"

"I'm not sure but it was," he said, half doubtfully. "I have come to believe in short engagements, in fact, they are the only thing this season."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" and Miss Stanton looked at him in that fond way she had done when he proposed last season. "Then we can have our's announced before coaching parade day," she said earnestly, seeing a means of escape from last year's misfortune, "and be married during the winter holidays!" she added, clapping her tiny hands in unrestrained happiness.

"And where shall we go for the wedding tour?" asked Harry Osmond, with apparent interest.

"Oh, we'll only run to Pasadena or St. Augustine for a few weeks, you know we planned last fall to go directly to London and Paris, but I think it will be pleasanter to wait till spring, don't you?"

"I certainly do! The ocean trip will be beastly in winter."

"And, Harry! I know the cosiest place on Huntington avenue that will just suit us, I know it will. Oh, this is worth the whole winter of waiting. What are you thinking of, Harry?"

"Oh, I was only thinking, Alice, how downright hard hearted you were when you jilted me last fall."

"Don't let 's think of it, Harry! We 've signed a treaty of peace, you know."

"Yes, but do you remember how you said you hoped never to see me again and went off in a huff?"

"I 'm afraid I do!" she acknowledged, sadly.

"And how you threw my photo on the table and told me ——"

"There, Harry, if I didn't know you were trying to torment me I should say you were horrid to remind me of all those things. But you said a hundred things a hundred times worse, you know you did. But I 'd a good deal rather talk about my trousseau and our wedding trip. Come, you 've got to talk about them if you don't want to. What are your favorite colors in silks, Harry?"

"Pink and electric blue," he said, thoughtfully.

"And your flowers? Sweet peas, I know," and she transferred a sprig from her bouquet to his button hole.

"And when may I tell mamma?"

"As soon as you wish; to-night, if you choose."

"You are so kind, Harry. I wish I hadn't sent her away."

"It may be as well in the end," he explained.

"Perhaps so, mammas can't understand love gossip. Do you think it would be too soon to have our announcement out the last of the month?"

"Why, no, but you can decide that later."

"I didn't know you could be so good, Harry. What if you *hadn't* come back this year?" and she seized his hand, sighing at the possibility that was past.

"But I fear there may possibly be a misunderstanding, Miss Stanton," said Mr. Osmond, withdrawing his hand and rising, coldly. He stood a moment looking down at the startled girl who had refused his hand the year before and near broken his heart in the process. Now was the time for his revenge.

"What is the trouble, Harry?" she cried. "Are you ill?"

"I am perfectly well, thank you. But did you think—er—well, possibly you thought we were engaged?"

"Ar n't we, Harry?" she asked, with a last appealing look. But Harry Osmond's heart was hardened.

"I was not aware of it, *I* certainly have not proposed."

"But didn't you say we could make up again and forget our quarrel? You certainly did, Mr. Osmond!" she said, decidedly, her anger rising.

"I certainly did," repeated Mr. Osmond, calmly. "But forgetting a quarrel does not make us lovers again, does it, Miss Stanton?"

She stood a moment abashed. "And so you have been deceiving me all the evening, have you, Mr. Osmond, with your false pretensions of love? I am not in the least surprised in you!" she said, with bitter sarcasm.

"Thank you, Miss Stanton! I am very sorry not to surprise you. Shall

I escort you to the parlors? My wife will think I have deserted her already and we have only been married three days. You may like to meet in her your old friend, Miss Van Wildt. But as I have kept you waiting for three weeks I won't detain you long."

"The evening air is becoming very chilly, Mr. Osmond, and I think I'll go to my room. I wish you good-night!"

"Good-night!"

And Harry Osmond went to tell his wife of the unexpected sweetness of his revenge.

ASPIRATION.

By Fletcher Harper Swift.

I saw a fountain leap up to the sky,
A thousand times I saw it leap and fall:
Each time it fell, it sank with piteous cry,
Then sprang again up toward the shining wall.

I saw a rose-bud, near a cottage door,
Unfold to heaven its wealth of petals round,
It burst in striving to unfold them more,
And shed its perished beauty o'er the ground.

I saw a flame creep toward its father Sun,
I saw it climbing, climbing toward its goal,
I saw it smoulder where it was begun,
I closed my eyes and wept,,—"My Soul,—My Soul."

THE LEGEND OF JOHN LEVIN AND MARY GLASSE.

[CONTINUED.]

By E. P. Tenney.

CHAPTER XXV.

THAT dark winter morning at Glasse Head was brightened by the incoming of a guest very welcome to Mary. Although her persistency in deferring her marriage with John Levin had borne fruit in quieting that warning spirit which had sometimes startled her, she had in place of it an incubus quite as dreadful to her as ghostly visitation, since Mary, by subtle sympathy, carried upon her own heart all of John Levin's misdeeds, as if they had been her own. And it was too hard for her. She was growing old apace, swiftly spanning the years between herself and Levin, and hastening to number as many months as he. Night after night she dreamed of doing what she knew he did, and

morning by morning she awoke under a moral cloud.

Last night, however, she had dreamed that she no longer had conscience, that her personality had been merged in an unknown power, as a fleck of cloud is lost in a tempest, and that she was no longer responsible for her misdeeds in slumber; and she had awakened with a singularly exultant feeling inspired by the thought that there was now no God separate from humanity, that blind impulse might be followed at will,—as John Levin had often said.

"I am too old, too old, as old as the universe," Raymond heard Mary saying, as she was swinging the crane to remove the steaming teakettle.

"You do look old, Mary," interrupted the early visitor. "I never thought of it before; but you look many years older than when I went to jail. I must have been imprisoned long; too long, I know. Prithee, what makes your eyes so dim? You need spectacles."

Youth leaped into Mary's eyes, and the incubus went up chimney, the instant she heard Raymond's tread and voice. "Yes, I am your grandmother, and glad to see so bright a boy, so early in the morning," and she approached, placing both hands upon both his shoulders, and looking into his eyes till she saw her own image. "I am glad to see you, Raymond. I am always glad to see you." And her dark eyes flashed, and her dark features flushed slightly. "No, Raymond," she added, as he seated himself upon the settle in the chimney corner, "I am not so very old, not so old as I feel. In fact, I presume that my sorrow over your prison life has had its effect upon my constitution. Do you not see that I am slightly bent with age?" And Mary drew herself up to full height, and threw her head and shoulders back. "Yes, Raymond, my age tells upon my spirits, you see."

The bean porridge being hot, the twain broke their fast.

"Did it never occur to you, Raymond, that John Levin has aged fast of late? He seems much older than when I first knew him?"

"You and I, Mary, must not talk of John Levin. I can only say that he appears to me to be in perennial youth, every day younger and more full of life's energies than the day before. Why do you ask?"

"I had forgotten that you and I may not suitably speak of John Levin. But you know that it is as natural for me to speak my thought as to breathe. You do but listen to my breathing if I speak of him, he being always—almost always," she added, archly, looking up to see if Raymond's eyes met hers—"uppermost in my thoughts. I have been of late heavily oppressed with the sense of his being very old; that is, of life experience too far beyond me. And I find myself growing old beyond my years in trying to catch up with his life and keep pace with him. I do not know what I should do, if he and I were to be married. I even now dream that I do just what he does,—of evil if he does evil."

"But, Mary, it's nonsense for a young girl to bear all of another's shortcomings. Look at me. I was a very wicked fellow at sea, and from my youth up. Would you begin to bear my sins if you should engage to marry me? I trow not."

"No, I should not. I have no

such feeling toward you as I have toward Mr. Levin. You, I trust. You, I am friendly with. Possibly, Raymond," she said, looking sharply into his eyes, "I might sometime love you if you had not been so wicked as to go to jail! But John Levin is a part of my life's life; as much so, as if he and I were of the same piece, the same stock, as if vine and branch, as our Master says. His thoughts throb in my brain; his passions touch me, soiling my nature, I never knew myself to be so strangely wrought into sympathy with another person's life before. My mind has broadened out resembling his, to take in the world, the universe. And I am, like him, almost at sea religiously since I knew him. I am becoming his counterpart every way. And I am as powerless to resist the thoughts and mental experiences that come surging in upon me, as I am to check the tide-flow between the Ram islands. See it whiten there on the ledges now."

So were they drawn on to debate that baneful subject, John Levin. Raymond defended him, saying that his early life was the parent of to-day's life, that before he could have been conscious of free will his life had been warped by his mother, who had been twisted by her ancestry. "How can John Levin be other than he is?"

"What! Is there no free will?"

"Yes, but I cannot judge how far he is what he is by his own conscious voluntary choice."

"Be that as it may, Raymond, I am conscious in every fibre of my being that I am interlocked with him beyond power to escape, and that I must bear his life as part of my life. You will laugh at me,—no, you cannot do that, it 's too serious a matter; but I carry John Levin in my heart as some mother,—I tell you nay," she added laughing, "but a grandmother,—does a child. He is a burden, a care. My love to him is not love in the sense of companionship, of friendship answering to friendship, of heart to heart, but the love of self-devotement. I am distressed beyond all expression to say it, and to say it to you; I do not dare to tell even Martha what I tell you so frankly, for she almost hates John Levin, or rather she despises him. You have charity for him, so I speak freely. I believe him to be a man capable of any and every wickedness, and yet he loves me. His whole soul is centered upon me. He does not believe in one indivisible God hating wickedness, but he has faith in me, the chief of sinners, and confidence in my moral instincts. He has apparently only the slightest perception of right and wrong, and what little he has seems to be the outgrowth of his devotion to me. He begins to hate what I hate in some respects, but he is perfectly enslaved by old habit and cannot free himself. And in other respects he has absolutely no more conscience than a shell-fish. Now this would matter little, as we say, for the world is full of such men; but this one man, John Levin, throws himself at my feet and adores me as a goddess, much as a Hindoo does some grotesque image, and protests that I am morally of some use to him. Not much, of course. Nor would this matter, for we cannot keep men from protesting,—even you, Raymond," and she looked across the pine table into his eyes; "but

the strange thing about it is, that on my part, I am certain God out of heaven has somehow made me of one piece with him, so that I am at one with him in nature; and he calls me his conscience, his better self, and begs me never to forsake him. And what can I do,—for I feel that I am carrying him as I would a sick child; and my arms are breaking through weakness, although they are not weary of their burden, for I would do anything for John Levin, except give him dutiful support in his wickedness."

Raymond drew a long breath, and asked after Mary's father and the fishing business. And they went out to watch the great rocks shouldering off the seas; for everywhere the fringe of the sea was white. And overhead they saw the dull eastern sky slowly lighting up behind the clouds, so offering an apology for sunshine. All that dark, wintry day Raymond—to change the topic from John Levin—rehearsed to Mary the story of that burning bush which he had repeatedly seen in the wet grounds a little northerly from Chubb's creek.

CHAPTER XXVI.

When, upon that same morning, Peltiah Perkins reached home, he found Farmer Ross pounding at his front door.

"Who would have thought, Jock," said Ross to himself, "that you would have been found in a deacon's door-yard?"

He called it a yard, although the house stood upon the edge of unfenced land held in common, not far from the shipyard and meeting-house. The tap-room in the L, on the south side, had an odor about it which reconciled Jock to calling upon a deacon, although he had never been there before.

"What, are you here so early!" exclaimed Wybert Merry, a ship carpenter who usually came to his work before the hour, so as to see the deacon. "You cannot then be a stranger. It is a jolly place to come to on a winter morning, I wot. But where's the bar-keeper?"

"Don't be so merry, my good man," responded the elder, just approaching. "I'll wet your whistle for you betimes. What now, Mr. Ross? It's long since we met. You, too, must be athirst, if you've been afloat all night."

"Nay, Deacon, I've not been on the bay, but sitting up with John Levin. I left him asleep in his office at moonrise. My horse is in your shed. He needs hay more than I need to tickle my tongue."

"All in a moment, sir, after I wait on Wybert. For your part, Jock, you look as though you'd had enough over night. But I'll entertain you, both man and beast. Pray tell me, what have you and the 'squire been doing all night?"

"Nothing uncommon, I assure you," replied Ross, setting down his mug and wiping his mouth on his sleeve.

"Mischief, I wager," interposed Merry, after first smacking his lips. "You look it, and 'Squire Levin I've sailed with."

"You sailed with? Drink again then, I pray, for his sake."

"For his sake? For my own rather."

"Be seated, and help yourselves, my good men, out of this bottle,"

said Perkins, cordially. "I'll bait the horse."

"Do you know the deacon well?" asked Ross.

"Yea," jerked out Merry, between sips, "he is the standing dickey of our church,—starched generally; but he wilts when in liquor. How frosty it is this morning! It takes a good deal to thaw out my finger tips, and to warm my toes."

"He must be very pious like, to be a deacon."

"Sort er pious. Our pastor appears to think so. The deacon allus keeps him in rum, and advises him some, and kind er supports him. He's a regeler piller you know, the deacon is."

"Wybert, why do you tarry?" exclaimed Mr. Norton, sharply, as he opened the door. "I hope you are not drunk, so early."

"Ah, ha, Mr. Norton," answered Perkins, coming in, "I do my best to keep Wybert in good health by watering his rum. I fear that Mr. Ross has given it to him too stiff. Ah, ha, Wybert, you had better work near the rudder post this morning while the tide is up to the ways, and so season your rum with salt water. What will you have, Mr. Norton? It's a chilly morning. You must have found it so. Come in again, Wybert, when you quit work. I want to see you."

"Peltiah, Peltiah, why don't you come to breakfast? And bring in Mr. Ross. You are welcome, Mr. Ross. Excuse the shrillness of my invitation. I thought you were at the barn."

"Good morning, Mistress Perkins. It's long since you were at the farm."

"It's not a good time to go visiting, I trow, in cold weather. But come in. Won't you have a bite too, Mr. Norton? You look thin. Come in and sit down and eat one more herring."

In the course of the day, Ross and the elder picked up the men whom Levin wanted to enlist for Canada; rough fellows from down the Cape, and fishermen who called at the tap-room,—Wybert Merry, Thomas Sympkins, Nicholas Gungill, and David O'Killia, the first Irishman on this part of the coast. Sympkins and Gungill, the elder said, were most to be depended upon; he knew them. And Andrew Bangs from Kettle cove was to go as their leader; to him Ross imparted the secret of their going. Merry was well cushioned with fat, and O'Killia looked good natured enough, but Ross was satisfied that they were equal to their business, having both been old cruisers on the *Hawdy*, in her early days. The merry-eyed David long sat winking in the corner, and cheery Wybert stopped puffing his pipe to listen at every critical point in what Ross said; and before night they started noisily with the others to the recruiting camp at Salem. Mr. Norton noticed that they all staggered a little except Banges, as they walked past his orchard; and Bobby Dune ran in to tell his mother that the men walked as though they had an earthquake tied to their feet.

At Salem, Ross introduced Andy Banges to John Levin, and they spent most of the night in his office,—Ross upon the floor, sleeping so soundly that the thunder of his own snoring did not wake him up.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Upon that spring day on which Raymond Foote started for the frontier, the wild geese were flying over the sea as if they had no prognostications of a storm at hand. A laughing, revelling crowd, small, but including the major part of the home guard, snickering boys and giggling girls, and the careless merrymakers whose animal spirits relieved the seventeenth century of gloom, had gathered to see the soldiers move on Canada.

"It's a beautiful morning, sir, quite soft as compared with what it was yesterday," said O'Killia to Chaplain Foote, not unwilling to make his acquaintance; and even Banges smiled on the parson, like a lowering cloud in the "nigger hole" northwest, which upon a morning of clearing weather betokens the speedy return of a foul sky. And not far away, arm in arm, paced up and down, Tom Sympkins and Nick Gungill, with disquieting mien.

Doctor Jay, correct and dull, like an untiring machine, had set himself also to move on Canada. And Simeon Strait, the school-master, was also of the soldiers, a corporal, tall, gaunt, bony, with strong jaws and massive forehead, and an air of solidity about him. His native dignity was fantastically set off by long tangled hair and wild flowing beard. He was a man, methodical, slow, prosaic, but of right instincts in every hour, a man always astir at daybreak and awake far into the night. And Major Treate of Chebacco was on hand, who had long known Raymond Foote; a man of prodigiously developed muscles.

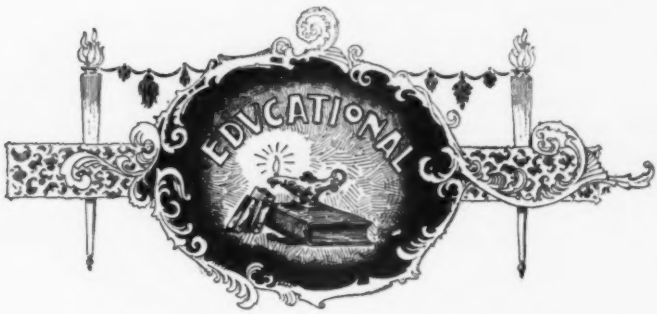
Stiff jointed, with gait like a pair of bars, walked Elder Perkins, upon this solemn and interesting occasion, noting to himself the profits he had made out of the fustian doublets, russet hose, unpinked trade shoes, and leather girdles, which he had furnished for the expedition. The widow Angelica, this morning pallid and waxen faced, with cheeks slightly pendant, and hair disarranged, stood with clasped hands, looking alternately at Mr. Ross and John Levin. No one ever saw Mr. Levin when he was not irreproachably well dressed. And this morning he had expended more care, since he was to sail for England at high noon. His nattiness, in the eyes of the crowd, well set off his deferential suavity of manner toward the soldiers; but a slight frigidity was noticed by Martha, who stood near her husband while the doctor attempted to bind up Jack Byrd's splintered wooden leg.

Raymond Foote looked away from the light of flashing weapons, when the march began, to catch the gleam of the sea; and he saw Mary Glasse drawing near to Martha under the great beach at the southwest corner of the parade. As soon as they entered the forest Raymond separated himself from the soldiers in order that he might have company; as William the Norman used to leave his place when homesick, and find fit society by traversing the woods alone. Raymond encountered here and there a scolding squirrel and the Canadian jay. The sunny atmosphere was glistening with recent rain; and the tips of the maples were beginning to show color. But the sky sprang a leak before night, and the traveler

experienced the delights of inclement weather. Toward evening he nibbled at a little parched corn, and then left his horse to nibble at the scant grass, while he searched a silvery stream for a shad. Then he kindled a fire under a spruce upon the bank of the brook which wriggled through the dank meadows; and illuminated the gloom of the forest; then lay down for the night covered by the darkness.

That same night the angelic widow Adipose began to bestir herself to get Mary Glasse also out of the country, under such circumstances as to make John Levin on his return break off from her if a spark of manliness still glowed in his bosom, a circumstance concerning which the widow was uncertain. If Mary Glasse would not go forth as a camp-follower, she should go as the follower of Raymond Foote.

[*To be continued.*]



Conducted by Fred Gowing, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

CONNECTION BETWEEN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.[1]

By Ada M. Thompson, Dover High School.

There is an old definition of librarian which is destined, in the near future, to be marked obsolete. To Dover teachers, at least, a librarian is not a "custodian of books"—one who jealously guards her treasures—but rather a giver and a very generous giver of books and of information in regard to them.

Dover teachers and students enjoy unusual library privileges: Special cards put within reach of teacher and pupil countless books for daily use; most valuable aid is gladly and constantly given by the librarian and her assistants. Our library privileges are indeed great; we appreciate them and strive to use them wisely.

In carrying out modern methods of

[1] A paper read before the Strafford County Teachers' Association, May 1, 1896.

instruction, the public library is unquestionably a very important factor. In a very general way I wish to speak of the value of the public library to the teacher and to the student of English history and literature.

If all that was to be done in our schools were mere lesson-learning and lesson-hearing, the public library would be of small concern. But, *subjects* not *text-books* are studied; the laboratory method is the method for history as well as science work. We no longer commit to memory *verbatim* "Barnes' History" or "Loomis' Geometry." Neither is Thomas Gradgrind's method in vogue. The object of education is to make the brain not a store-house, but a tool; and in recognition of this object methods of teaching are being transformed. Research is the new watch-word.

Study of English literature no longer means committing to memory the facts of an author's life, the names of his principal works, the date of his birth and death, but rather, the intelligent reading of his works. Intelligent reading implies the use of certain literary apparatus. The book is a tool and belongs to the scholastic workshop. The woman's cook-books are tools; the minister's commentaries are tools; the lawyer's reports are tools; the "Century Dictionary" is a tool. And the histories, literature manuals, novels, poems, dictionaries, and cyclopædias are the tools for our school boys and girls to use.

Is it not the function of the schools to show the value of these tools and teach the children how to use them? "High school graduates ought to be experts in handling dictionaries, cyclopædias, and books of reference; they ought to be quick to surmise which way to turn to find information about men and things." Most children like to rummage, and why not set them to rummaging through histories, biographies, and books of travel, in search of rich treasures. Teachers often have occasion to wish that masculine curiosity were equal to feminine—but you all know it is n't—and literary exploration is not usually the passion of the schoolboy's mind. Curiosity makes a good reader. It is usually little Miss Curiosity who—provided the books are within reach—will search through many histories, novels, and stirring poems, just to satisfy herself in regard to Richard, the Lion-hearted, or the "Kingmaker," or the Spanish Armada, and then how she will enliven the recitations with her tales.

Of course every one would like to use the laboratory method in teaching history, but the success of this method depends upon the abundance and accessibility of books of reference.

An attempt to teach English history with a mere outline in the hands of the pupil and few library books accessible is a never-to-be-forgotten experience. Those recitations were dry, uninteresting and unprofitable—the teacher's fault, no doubt! Occasionally, a pupil who preferred to exercise his imagination rather than to read his one text-book, aroused the class from its apathy by some such astounding statement as this: "The crusades were vessels which cruised along the coast from Boston to Portland."

To make history an interesting subject, every available means must be used to produce a vivid impression; mere facts from an outline history will not have the desired effect. Maps, pictures, and as many different histories as possible are essentials; but to awaken

the sympathies and move the imagination most aid is derived from poetry and the historical novel. Without the public library to furnish these many additional books, how could we teachers of history accomplish the desired end?

Although lying on our school tables may be fifty or more books from the public library, do not imagine that the whole of every book is always read; that is not essential. One day we wish for a vivid picture of a tournament; where can we find a better than in "Ivanhoe," or "The Talisman?" Another day Elizabethan pageants interest us, and then "Kenilworth" gives us just what we want; or the brave soldier, Henry V, enlists our attention, and we forget, for the moment, his warlike achievements as we let Shakespeare tell us of the difficulties of his wooing. Perhaps the question is, why is the laurel sacred to Apollo? or who is the "half-regained Eurydice"? and then in "Classic Myths" and "The Age of Fable" we find fresh fields. Interest in the Norman castles and the Gothic cathedrals of England makes us somewhat familiar with another class of books. Guide books and books of travel have enabled a few of the literature class to feel personally acquainted with London, Chester, Stratford, Oxford, and other historic places.

Then again, in turning over the pages of many of these library books other information than that actually sought is often acquired; the table of contents is more or less mastered. Of course there are some pupils who make long and perhaps futile searches: e. g., the pupil who read through "Æsop's Fables" and then searched diligently the classical dictionary, confident that he would find something about Jacob and the "wise mother who wrought in his behalf."

We read "The Merchant of Venice," and Shylock the Jew becomes a real person to us. What more natural than to desire to know more about the Jew in fiction? Mere mention of Isaac and his beloved daughter, of the enthusiastic and aspiring Mordecai, of the gentle Mr. Riah, or the villainous old Fagin, does not satisfy the aroused student; he wants to read these novels and will find the time provided the public library will furnish him with the books.

To Dover teachers and pupils the public library is not a storehouse where all the treasures of wisdom are hid, but rather a literary workshop. The books are there to be read, studied, compared, digested, and made to serve in the development of new truth.

Our library is well equipped to meet the current wants of the literature and history classes, and I like to think that our high school has one very important course, though not laid down in the curriculum, and that a practice course in the use of books. This practice course calls upon each student to learn the use of the library catalogue and to become familiar with many books which otherwise would remain unknown quantities to him. By this course, the student learns to use books rightly; he learns to go to them for help; he learns to appeal to them when his own knowledge and power of thought fails; he learns to seek the opinion of the wisest scholars; he learns to search books and to master the thoughts enshrined in them; thus, slowly but surely, in his four years' course, the pupil gains some idea of the inestimable value of the public library.

In training pupils to appreciate and use the library, literature teachers are

finding a new style edition of the English classics most helpful. In these editions the notes—no longer labor-saving devices explaining everything in advance—send the pupil for the desired information away from his one little book to the larger and abundant books of the public library: or taking the form of comment or question, the notes prick the student's mind into alertness.

"A teacher watches for the eye that lights, for the lip that asks the question, what does that mean? For the hand that turns instinctively toward dictionary and cyclopedia to make the brain, which that hand serves, master ever after of the mysterious saying."

To enjoy such library facilities as Dover teachers do enjoy is then of unquestionable advantage to both teacher and pupil; it enables the former to employ up-to-date methods of instruction and educates the latter in the use and value of many books. The right use of such library facilities tends to the formation of correct scholarly habits, gives most valuable mental training, makes the pupil an earnest and enthusiastic student, a pleasure and source of joy to his teacher.

JOHN K. CHANDLER.

John K. Chandler was born in Charlestown, Mass., November 17, 1831, and died at Washington, D. C., May 5. He early engaged in mercantile life, and was for many years the representative of Weld & Co., of Boston, at Manilla. After passing two decades in retirement upon his handsome country estate at Canterbury he returned to public life upon the formation of the Bureau of American Republics by Secretary Blaine. His thorough knowledge of the Latin countries and their languages made him a most valuable promoter of the success of the bureau and its work. Mr. Chandler was a member of the Somerset club, Boston, and a gentleman of wide acquaintance and many friends. He is survived by one brother, Senator William E. Chandler, and a daughter, Alice.

G. L. HORN.

George Leonard Horn was born in Dover in May, 1837, and graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1857, with the reputation of being the most brilliant student in a remarkable class. For thirty years he was a successful New York lawyer, and died at Boston, whither he had come for medical treatment, April 30.

DR. EMIL CUSTER.

Dr. Emil Custer, at the time of his death the oldest practising physician in Manchester, was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany, June 12, 1820, and died at Manchester May 18. He received a complete education in his mother country and came to America in 1847. After practising for a year at Syracuse, N. Y., Dr. Custer came to Manchester where he had since resided. He was prominently identified with Masonic and other secret society interests.

J. J. WALWORTH.

James J. Walworth, born in Canaan, November 18, 1808, died at Boston, April 28. He engaged in the hardware business at Boston in 1829, and since 1841 had been prominent in the manufacture of steam-heating and ventilating apparatus. He was for many years president of the Walworth Manufacturing Co., and of the Malleable Iron Fittings Co.

J. H. ABBOT.

Joseph H. Abbot, a native of Concord, born Feb 6, 1838, died in the same city, May 10. At the end of his school days, he immediately entered the famous firm of the Abbot-Downing Company, coach and carriage manufacturers, and gave his life to the faithful promotion of its interests, serving for twenty years as its vice-president.

ROBERT BUNTON.

Robert Bunton was born in Goffstown in 1822. He was a California forty-niner, and was later employed by the government at Washington in the construction of some of the department buildings. Since 1865 he had been engaged in the stone business at Manchester until his death, which occurred May 4.

FRANCIS JEWETT.

Francis Jewett died at Lowell, April 22. He was born in Nelson, September 19, 1820, but had been engaged in the meat business at Lowell since 1850. He had been three times mayor of Lowell, twice senator, and three times member of the governor's council.

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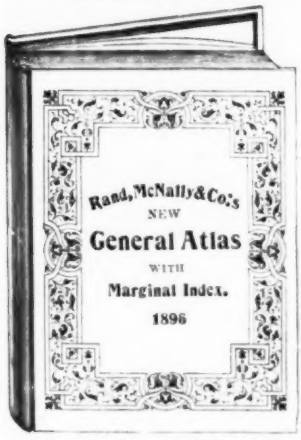

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